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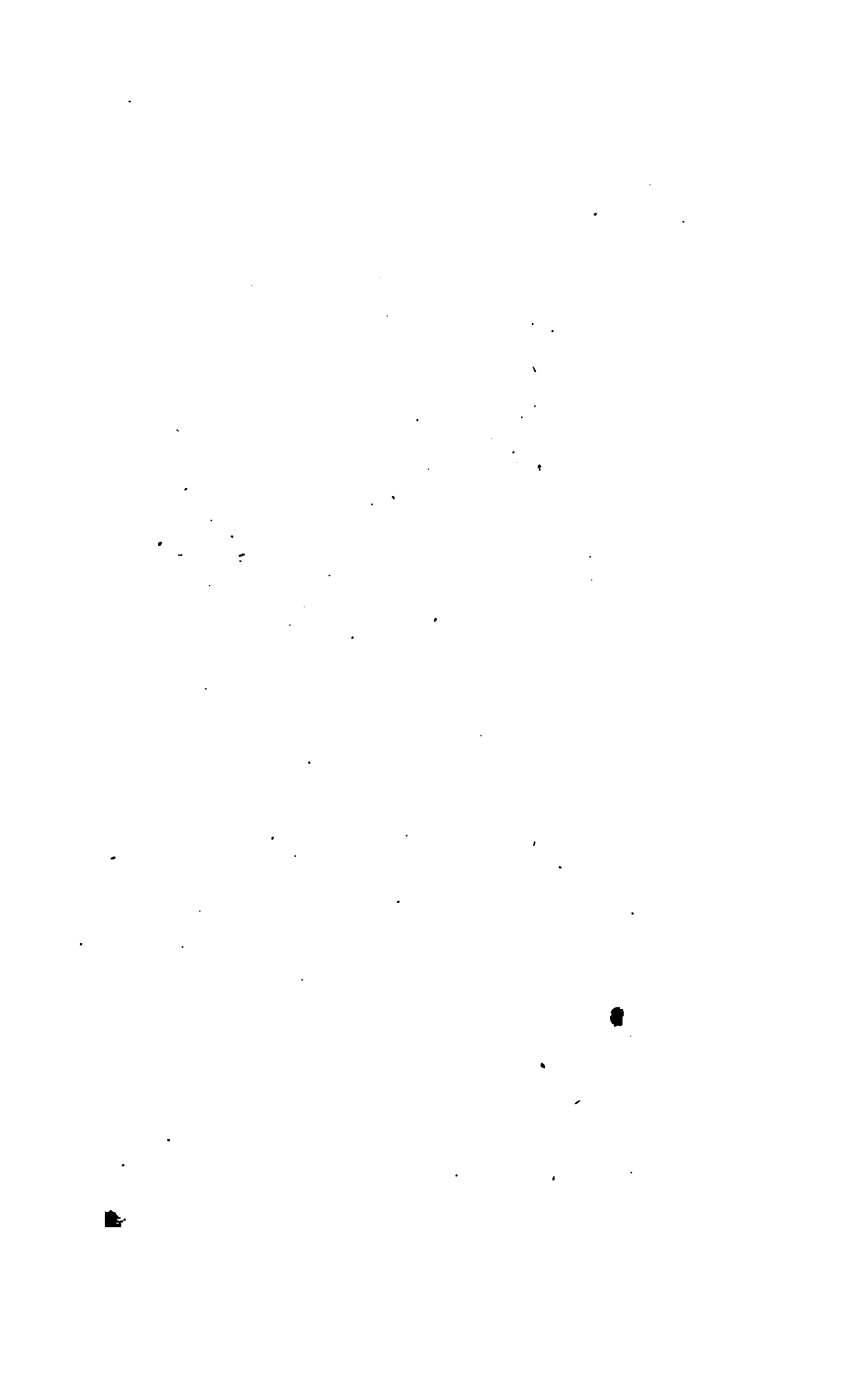
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THE
GERMAN MISCELLANY;

CONSISTING OF
DRAMAS, DIALOGUES, TALES,
AND
NOVELS.

TRANSLATED FROM THAT LANGUAGE,

BY

A. THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF A POEM ON *WHISKY*; *THE PARADISE*;

OF TASTE, &c.

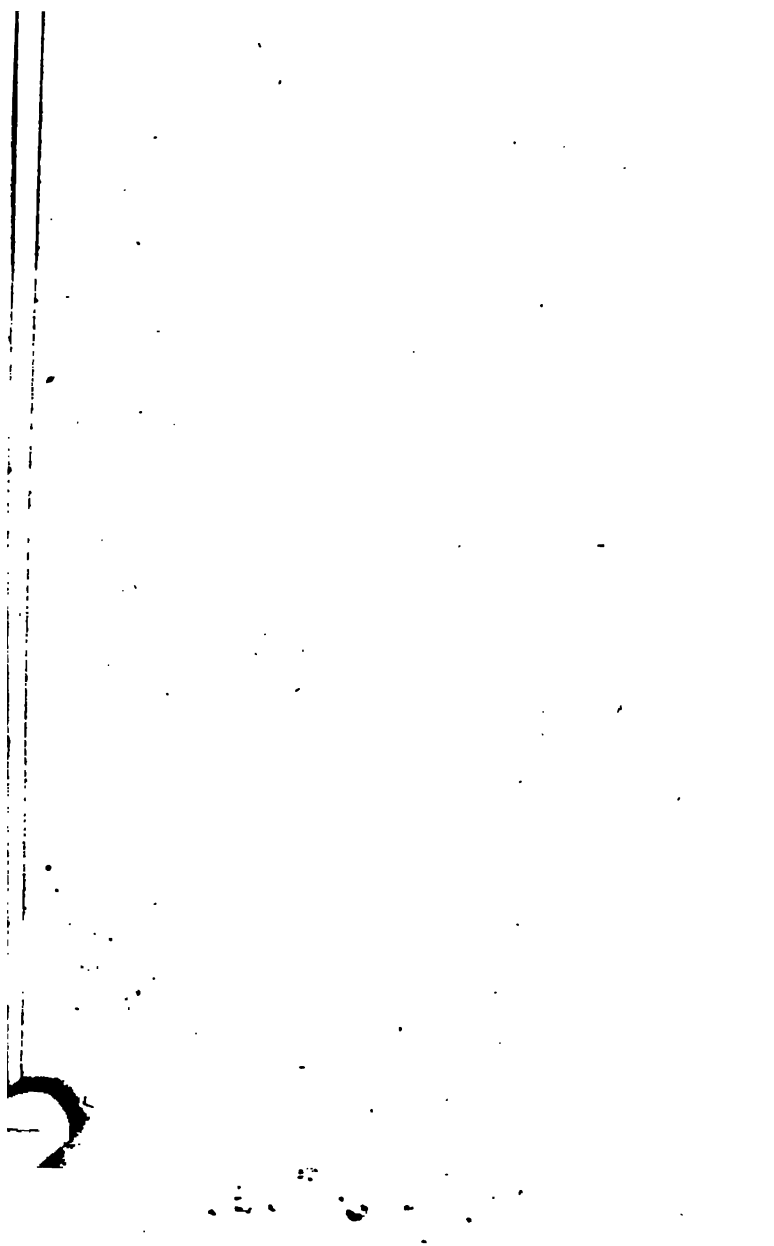
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BY THE

TRANSLATOR.

TQ endeavour to recommend the following Pieces, by a long preliminary Differtation, would be an attempt either vain or superfluous. If they have merit—it will speak for itself; if they have none, it is in vain to speak for them. The Translator shall only add, that if this specimen has the good fortune to be favourably received, he has sufficient store of original pieces beside him, to furnish several volumes of the same entertainment.

Deanstone, 1st Nov. 1796.



THE
NUT-SHELL.

SLIGHT and almost infinitely slender are the threads of the spider, or the web of the silk worm; but much slighter, and infinitely more slender, are those threads by which the fates of mankind are sometimes connected, and sometimes entangled. This truth was long overlooked by our writers of novels and romances; and even now, that they have begun to observe it, it cannot be wholly superfluous, to relate the story of a young man, who was brought to infamy and ruin—by a *nut-shell*.

BENDORF was a youth of ardour and sensibility, with the purest principles of religion and probity; the most honourable of men towards his friend, and still more honourable towards his mistress—for both of whom he would have sacrificed, upon a proper occasion, both his fortune and his life. Though severe and unmerciful to his own foibles, he was, alas, more obsequious than the fibres

of the ivy, to those of the persons to whom he was attached; and he was always attached to some of either sex.

He was now returned from the university of *Göttingen*, with a head full of philosophy, and a heart still fuller of enthusiasm for all that was fair and good. The animated tone of his conversation, the original cast of his words and behaviour, his freedom of thinking, and the boldness with which he ridiculed antiquated prejudices, all these made him quickly taken notice of. Many men, and particularly old ones, shook their heads at him in silence; others, and especially those who had hitherto given themselves the example in matters of taste, were loud in their censures of the noisy fellow, not so much because he was noisy, as because he surpassed them in reading and in sense; but there were also many who loved and encouraged him, and who whispered softly in his *listening* ear; Bravo, young man! you have much in your power; be active, and your influence will increase by degrees. I chuse purposely the epithet *listening*; for who can doubt that a *Bendorf* would be ambitious.

He was treated quite differently by the fair sex. Of them, there was scarcely one in the circle, in which it was proper for him to move, who did not receive him with her best curtsy; no girl, that did

not

not frequently leave honourables and right honourables to themselves, in spite of the magnificence of their holiday suits, in order to prattle with the young secretary; no married woman, that did not, the evening after she had been at the theatre, repeat to him her opinion of the play and players; and no matron who did not exclaim with genuine compassion: "A fine young fellow! if he were but more regular in his attendance at church!" In many companies where they had hitherto played nothing but Ombre and Bassè, Whist, in complaisance to him, became the mode*. In short, all the ladies were equally pleased with him; so long, at least, as on his side, he behaved with equal politeness and attention to them all.

But the cursed whimsey—It is indeed often both proper and useful, though a tender heart suffers much from it, and in place of continuing in ease and freedom, chooses rather a voluntary slavery. In a town such as D——, for the establishment of which, nature had produced so many charming girls, it was impossible for a heart so tender as *Ben-dorf's*, to remain long unsubdued. Two nymphs strove for its dominion, and he hesitated a consi-

M 3

derable

* The reader must not forget here, that the scene is laid some years back, in which whist had not yet become the universal study of all men of sense.

derable time between them. *Amelia Mildau*, fair, gentle, young, and rich, with faultless manners, and unblemished reputation; contended for the prize with *Julia Hilmer*, equal in fortune, much fairer, but less amiable, mild and good. The one allured you by her sweetness and sensibility; the other dazzled you by the power of her wit. The quiet and retirement of a country life, appeared to be fitted for the temper of *Amelia*: while that of *Julia* would have suited a metropolis. She said not a word, without attempting to shine, nor employed a gesture, without attempting to conquer. She was qualified, had she been beloved by a prince, to rule and ruin a whole kingdom. She was vain as the titled commoner of yesterday, and fonder of gaming and dissipation, than a new-married woman of kisses and dalliance. If *Amelia* had more friends, *Julia* had many more admirers; if the former was oftener praised, the latter, on the other hand, was more frequently mentioned. It was not indeed always good that was said of her, but to be spoken of, seemed to her enough.

We said that *Bendorf* was long undetermined: like the *Falstaff* of *Shakespeare*, he would have willingly taken both; the one for Sundays and festival days, the other for the every day comfort of life. But his better sense at length declared for

Amelia.

Amelia. He first sued for, and obtained her friendship; then went a step farther, and obtained her love; so that he was now looked upon as her acknowledged bridegroom, and nothing was considered as wanting to the union, but the death of his predecessor in office, and his own advancement to fill the post. But scarcely had the active tongue of rumour scattered this intelligence abroad, when *Bendorf* was sensible of a material alteration in the behaviour of many of his acquaintances towards him. Many a father of marriageable daughters now received his visits with great coldness, and asked him much seldomer to dinner: many a superannuated dowager shook her noddle, as if there had been sense in it, and cried out, "the depravity of the age! scarce six and twenty, and already thinking of marriage:" many a girl now discovered, that his nose was a little too much arched; his shape a little too slender, and his style a little too dogmatical; and many a secret admirer of *Amelia* affirmed, that he had it from the best authority, that *Bendorf* was not entirely unexceptionable in the performance of the duties of his office.

But *Bendorf*, though he could not but observe the change, gave himself no uneasiness about it. Attached wholly to *Amelia*, every company where she was not, appeared to him tasteless and tiresome;

some; to please her, and gain her favour, every faculty of his soul was exerted; and although he was daily advancing in her good graces, he still thought his progress was too slow; till at last, after one of his colleagues had been so obliging as to make way for him, he had the extatic felicity, of hearing *Amelia*, his *Amelia's* own lips, fix the month following, as the time of their union. All his true friends now wished him joy; all that were not his well wishers, envied him; and every girl of *Amelia's* acquaintance could not help secretly saying to herself; "would I were in the place of *Amelia*!"

Whether it was distrust of his own weakness, of which he had frequently been convinced by experience, or a tender indulgence for *Amelia's* temper, which he knew to be pretty much inclined to jealousy, or from a real indifference about every thing but her; whatever was his motive, he made it a point, from the first explicit avowal of her affection, to break off almost all connection with other women, and altogether with *Julia*. The warmth, however, of the lady's attachment increased, in proportion to his coldness, and the more he appeared to forget her, the more frequently did she think upon him. Many were the plans which she laid to ensnare him; but in spite of her ingenuity,

all to no purpose. She grew at length weary of lavishing on an ungrateful man those allurements which a thousand others would have received with the transports of an enamoured knight, and rewarded with gold watches and diamond-trinkets. And with this alteration of her behaviour towards him, *Bendorf* was now perfectly satisfied.

Once on a sultry afternoon in summer, tired with the drudgery and formalities of business, he hurried for refreshment to the society of his beloved; and found her quite alone at an open window, where she was employed with a book, and likewise at intervals, in order perhaps to shorten the tedious passages, with opening some hazel-nuts that lay before her. She received him in the tenderest manner: he sat long, leaning on her arm, talking of his passion, of her merit and her charms, of a thousand feelings known only to themselves, of a thousand prospects and projects for futurity, and of all those pleasing recollections, which were connected with the beginning of their acquaintance, wholly engrossed with his own feelings, and with such favourite topics of discourse,—he snatched up, without knowing wherefore, a handful of nut-shells, and threw them over the window.

“What are you doing, *Bendorf*!” cried *Amelia* instantly; “you may have thrown them upon somebody’s

somebody's head." "I should be sorry for that," answered he, smiling; and went directly to the window, but drew back with great surprise and precipitation, for he saw there two ladies standing beneath it, and gazing up. *Amelia*, who observed the alteration of his colour, followed him with equal heedlessness to the window, and besides seeing the same objects, heard distinctly these words: "I thank you, *Bendorf*, for this instance of your civility. It is quite novel; but on that account, I assure you, I esteem it the more ingenious. You was, perhaps, afraid, that I should not otherwise have observed who was your amiable companion."

"It is the voice of *Julia Hilmer*," cried *Amelia*, in a tone of the bitterest vexation. "A pretty exploit you have just now committed, you thoughtless, rash, trifling fellow. She has long had an ill will to us both, and will undoubtedly look upon it as an intended affront. Here, in the usual manner of women, (who are never more anxious than about trifles, though they often make up for it by the greatness of mind, which they assume with ease upon more important occasions,) a whole croud of disagreeable suspicions were strung together like the beads of a necklace; and it cost poor *Bendorf* the eloquence and persuasion of a *Demosthenes*, to bring her again to temper and composure. But when he
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was beginning to hope that he might accomplish his purpose, he was interrupted by the entrance of *Amelia's* waiting maid. She, who was a great favourite with her mistress, had by chance been standing at the house door, when the nose of *Julia* had been so unluckily assaulted; and she now related (with such exactness, as made the poor youth almost frantic, and with a minuteness, in comparison of which, a box on the ear was a mere trifle,) all the sneers, gibes, and sarcasms, which *Julia*, after the accident, either uttered, or might have uttered.

The rage of *Amelia* increased at every word; but when she heard at last the malicious conjecture of her rival, that she herself had instigated *Bendorf* to commit the insult, to show that she was not without her admirers, it blazed up to a terrible degree; for she felt, what to her sex is even dearer than life itself, her female vanity here wounded in the cruellest manner. It was to no purpose that the obsequious lover, who now for the first time saw his gentle *Amelia* in a passion, attempted to prove by a variety of arguments, the maxim, which was never yet called in question, that what is past cannot be recalled. It was in vain he assured her, that what might be said, by such a madcap as *Julia*, was of no consequence. She continued in the

same

same passionate humour, and at last ordered him to go directly to *Julia*, to excuse himself in the best manner he was able, and with the most unequivocal frankness, to take the blame of the whole matter upon himself.

To confess the truth, in a world like the present, which is so polite, that we ask pardon, even of those who happen to tread upon our toes, provided only they are people of fortune, it was neither a strange nor unreasonable request, to do the same to a person who had been affronted, though indeed wholly without intention; but the tone in which it was delivered by *Amelia*, was such as *Bendorf* by no means relished; who besides, had never in his whole lifetime, been fond of receiving absolute commands. The idea sprung up in his mind, that she who met with so obsequious a bridegroom, might naturally expect from her husband, a continuance of the same laudable custom: he persisted therefore in this limitation, that he would only make his apology to *Julia*, the first time he should happen to meet her: *Amelia* persisted likewise on her side; and they at last parted with mutual repugnance; and *Bendorf* quitted, for the first time, his *Amelia's* habitation in a melancholy mood. At home, however, in his solitary chamber, his boiling blood began to cool; he found that he had
been

been too obstinate, (or as he chose to call it, resolute); the favourite consolation of our sex, that it is no degradation to yield to the ladies, became every moment more powerful with him; and he at last determined to obey *Amelia*, provided she should ask it once more, and in somewhat of a more agreeable style. So past the short summer night; his better resolution continued in the morning; and he was just going out, when *Amelia's* maid came to him, with a billet from her mistress, in which ~~she~~ ^{she} mentioned, that the intelligence of the dangerous illness of one of her aunts, who had a small property on the borders of B, obliged her to make a sudden journey into the country; that therefore, if he wished to see her before her departure, he must do it soon; but that access to her would only be granted upon the condition of his first making a visit of apology to *Julia*.

What strange capricious creatures we men are! *Bendorf* was already determined to obey, but the repetition of the command, and the condition annexed to it, provoked him anew so much, that it was with the greatest reluctance, and with a secret grudge at his once so much beloved *Amelia*, that he went to wait upon her former rival. *Julia* seemed at first a good deal surprised, at the sight of a man, to whose visits, she had now for long

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been

been so little accustomed : more especially as the present was made at rather an unusual season (about half an hour only before dinner) : but like a true mistress in the art of dissimulation, she recovered herself immediately, received him with the most distinguished politeness, listened with a gracious smile upon her countenance, to his stammering apology for yesterday's unintentional offence ; assured him that it was already half forgotten and wholly forgiven, and after she had whispered something to her maid, intreated him very courteously to be seated. All the powers of wit and beauty, the most alluring vivacity, and the most engaging frankness, were now summoned to the aid of *Julia* : and *Bendorf*, who had expected a scornful reception, and now to his astonishment, found one so very gracious ; *Bendorf*, in whose heart, at the present moment, love for *Amelia* was heard to speak, in a lower voice than the day before ; who now saw *Julia* after so long an absence ; and whose temper, lately bordering on ill humour, was doubly gratified by this unexpected moment : *Bendorf*, I say, found *Julia's* conversation so agreeable, and fell into such a contention of wit with her, that half an hour flew as quickly away as a minute. Meanwhile *Julia's* father came into the room ; for she had long ago left her mother, was the sole darling of the

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the old man, and of course unlimited mistress of the family. He had before asked some of his acquaintances to dine with him that day, and now entering his daughter's apartment at her call, and finding *Bendorf* there, whom he had long known, and always esteemed, invited him in the politest manner to make one of his guests.

At that moment, for the first time, since his entrance under this dangerous roof, *Bendorf* thought again of his *Amelia*, of her approaching departure, and of the obligation he was under, to visit and appease her, before she set out. He therefore very politely excused himself from accepting the invitation of old *Hilmer*, and very frankly acknowledged his reasons. But *Julia* employed so many intreaties, and made use of so much raillery on the scrupulous punctuality of the tender swain, intimating at one time her suspicions, that *Amelia's* journey was a mere pretence, and at another assuring him, that after dinner would be early enough for the performance of his duty: in short, she brought so many arguments to bear on him, that *Bendorf*, after repeated refusals, was guilty of a weakness, for which undoubtedly he merits censure: in one word, he yielded, and staid.

More guests soon made their appearance: the company was numerous and well-chosen; the en-

tertainment splendid; the wines excellent, and *Bendorf* seated purposely next to *Julia*. She had already laid down a very artful plan, and by a mixture of true and false wit, contrived to dazzle the eyes of every one, with a splendor unusual even to her: the young ladies were frequently constrained to bite their lips, in envy of her triumphs; while the young men were lost in admiration and praise. But by her they were almost all at present, overlooked with equal indifference: her discourse was chiefly directed to *Bendorf*; on every subject she asked his opinion; and strange as it may seem, it always happened to coincide exactly with her own. It was but natural, that such an alliance should procure him a great deal of envy and opposition; those, however, that ventured on the last, were soon vanquished by the acuteness, or humbled and mortified by the ridicule of *Julia*; with a refinement, which one could scarcely have expected from any female, but a native of *France*, she contrived to place every one of her own whimsies in the most favourable light; her vanity had never been so much flattered, nor the small portion of talents she possessed, so highly extolled before.

One may easily imagine, how all this contributed to gratify the ambition of *Bendorf*: he became so chearful and animated, and his compliments so

warm

warm and frequent, that significant whispers began to gain ground among the circle, and at last, one of these young women, who probably thought that the perfections of *Julia*, had for this time, been sufficiently applauded, asked the half-intoxicated youth, in a tone between jest and earnest, whether he meant to repeat to his *Amelia Mildau*, the conversation that had past at the present entertainment?

Scarcely had this malicious question past the lips of the envious female, when *Julia* fastened her eyes upon *Bendorf* with the deepest attention. She saw him instantly change colour, and resume as quickly a rosy hue; with evident embarrassment, he stammered out, "And why not, Madam?" and contrived to discourse with the lady that sat next him, of the important subject, that her crimson gown pleased him exceedingly. Not an article of all this, escaped the vigilant attention of *Julia*; nor even the perplexity by which he was hindered from addressing her for a long while after: it gratified her more than the most flattering compliment; the hope that all in that quarter was not yet irrecoverably lost, made her resolve to employ, without loss of time, all her most powerful weapons against him, and her thrice repeated address to him, rendered him again so chearful and talkative, that

during the rest of the conversation, he played by far the principal part.

At last, though very late in the afternoon, dinner was ended, and they rose from table: *Bendorff* again recollected *Amelia*, and he now thought of her, with that seriousness, which ought to have been his sentiment long before. He was in vain pressed to be of the party, in a short walk after their coffee; politely, but firmly he declined the invitation: and *Julia* herself began to perceive, that she had made sufficient progress upon the present occasion, and that it would be better to wait for another opportunity, when chance or cunning, might perhaps procure her, a more favourable issue to her military stratagems. She therefore only urged him, in the most pressing manner, not to be long of seeing her again; he promised he would not, and went away.

He was scarcely got into the open air, when he felt the whole weight of the rash action he had committed; but immediately comforted himself with the hope, that it could not be attended with any bad consequences. During this soliloquy, which passed only in thought, he was arrived at the habitation of *Amelia*: there was a carriage standing at the door, and the maid was still busy in packing, "It is very lucky, that you are come at last," cried

she

she out, as soon as she saw him; "my young lady has waited on you, I know not how long; the carriage at least has been here an hour, and we shall be obliged to travel late at night. Step up only, and I am much mistaken, if you escape this bout, without a sharp reprimand." *Bendorf* flew up stairs, confounded at hearing this intelligence; he resolved to commit a new fault, rather than submit to do penance for the first: he therefore determined to conceal the true cause of his stay, under something of more importance; and entered the apartment of *Amelia*, with no small confusion in his look. She who had been long in her riding dress, and had perceived his coming from the window, moved very slowly to meet him. Her face was constrained to wear the smile of indifference, but a blush half discovered, gave it the lie. He embraced her with ardour: she suffered his kiss, without returning it; it was perhaps like the salute of two people, that have been married upwards of ten years.

Bendorf. Loveliest, dearest, best *Amelia*: I hope you are not angry that I have kept you so long waiting upon me.

Amelia. (*With affected coldness.*) Who told you, that I was waiting upon you?

Bendorf. My own heart.

Amelia

Amelia. Do not believe the vain thing: with me at least it has lost its credit. It used to promise and swear the most ardent passion; but I now perceive how soon it cools—you must care very little, *Bendorf*, whether I am in existence or not, since you thought it a matter of such indifference, whether you was in time to bid me adieu——

Bendorf. O do not say so. Forgive me, fairest *Amelia*, an unexpected, an important obstacle: an invitation, which it was impossible for me to refuse——

Amelia. (*Sarcastically.*) Impossible! And who then was this inviter, who would not admit of any excuse? Was you not at *Julia's*?

Bendorf. To be sure: early this morning—you commanded me twice, and I punctually obeyed you. But afterwards——

Amelia. (*Growing attentive.*) Afterwards! And what afterwards?

Bendorf. As I was returning from her——

Amelia. Pardon me: about what time was this?

Bendorf. (*With some hesitation.*) About mid-day.

Amelia. So early? You have not then staid long there?

Bendorf. Only so long, as the commission you gave me, and common politeness, made it necessary:

Amelia. (*In a tone of affected gaiety.*) Wonderful man!

man! to stay so short a while with one of the most charming girls in town!

Bendorf. What pleasure can he find, whose eyes and heart are devoted to *Amelia*, in any place, where she is not?

Amelia. How prettily that was said! It is only a pity, that I have seen it already a thousand times in print! But no longer to interrupt your narrative—as you was returning from her—it was there you left off—What then?

Bendorf. I was met unluckily by Mr *Western*; who stopt me, and as we have some affairs of consequence between us, invited me to dine with him, under the pretence, that we could then converse about them with more freedom. I politely declined his invitation; but he insisted upon it the more strongly, as I had just before been imprudent enough, to own to him, that I was going home. I know not, dearest *Amelia*, whether you know him: he is an honest fellow, has much to say with the minister, is very willing to serve his friend, even sometimes at his own expence: but he has one capital failing, too great a tendency to be provoked! The refusal of the smallest request he makes you, very often puts him in a passion; and although his resentment is not durable, it is sometimes attended with dangerous effects.

Amelia.

Amelia. (*With a curtsy of mockery*) Will you be so good as leave for the present, your sketching of characters to *Bruyere*, and proceed in your story—you see, I am just upon the wing.

Bendorf. This character makes a part of my story.—Afraid to provoke so irritable a person, of whose friendship I often stand in need, I at last accepted his invitation, went with him, and in spite of all I could say or do, was detained there till this moment.

Amelia. (*In the most serious tone*) *Bendorf*, have not I often heard you say, that nothing hurt you so much, as when one wished to persuade you of a falsehood?

Bendorf. (*Embarrassed*) To be sure! but——

Amelia. Know then, that I am entirely of your opinion upon that subject: that I look upon him who endeavours to deceive me, however ingenious his invention may be, as affronting me in the most unpardonable manner—you need not look at me so strangely—It is you, *Bendorf*, it is yourself that I mean; you—of whom I have certain information, that you dined to-day with *Julia*, forgot me in the midst of your merriment, and even blushed, when my name was mentioned, as if you had been ashamed of our acquaintance. These indeed were insignificant trifles, in the manner I heard them
first

first repeated; but they are now no longer trifles, since you thought it was necessary to conceal them from me. Begone, Sir, and never again come into my sight. (*About to go.*)

Bendorf. (*Stopping her.*) *Amelia*, dearest *Amelia*, only hear me. I am guilty, I own it; but forgive me an error, which I committed, by seeking to atone for one that was more trifling.

Amelia. Oh! to be sure, very trifling! the man who wishes to be called my bridegroom, goes and flatters with a thousand fine speeches, the vanity of a coquettish girl, between whom and me, he well knows, that there has long subsisted a mutual antipathy: he pretends to feel the greatest reluctance, at the thoughts of paying her a visit of compliment, and yet stays a whole day with her, makes not only a jest of my departure, but wishes to keep all this a secret from me.—What lengths will not the husband go, when the lover behaves in this manner? what reason could you have had, for seeking artful inventions to deceive me, if your heart had not told you, how very faulty your conduct had been? Farewell, comfort yourself with *Julia* in my absence; for I will employ every possible means to come back with a heart wholly indifferent.

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At these words she abruptly left him, and hurried into an adjoining apartment. It was to no purpose that *Bendorf* sought to follow her; he found the door bolted on the inside—it was to no purpose that he stood before it, and begged only for too minutes audience; neither voice nor answer was returned. He swore that he would never quit the spot: a scornful laugh was the sole reply; a laugh which expressed all the bitterness of contempt. While he still persisted to beg and supplicate, he heard a bustle at the outward door, hastened to the window, and saw *Amelia*, who had gone down stairs by a private passage, step into the carriage and drive off, with a quickness that showed she was afraid of being followed.

It would be a vain attempt to justify *Amelia's* conduct: but if the reader will figure to himself, a girl who loves for the first time; whose propensity to jealousy is very strong; who sees herself neglected by her bridegroom, in the very instance in which she valued his attention most; and over and above all this, who feels herself insulted and abused with a falsehood; if the reader, I say, will consider these things, he will perhaps be more ready to excuse her.

Bendorf.

Bendorf, on the other hand, who looked upon himself as at least one half less criminal than his angry mistress had thought proper to make him, when he saw her gone, stood at first for some seconds, fixed as a statue: then threw himself upon a sofa that was near him; and without perhaps making the least impression upon the yielding materials of which it was composed, sprung suddenly up again, and exclaimed: "Now, by God! this is too much! I'll be curst, if I stay here like a beaten spaniel, crouching, and whimpering, and begging pardon." While he spoke thus, he was already half way down stairs, the carriage was out of sight, and he proceeded, with a sort of mechanical intention, to calm his spirits by means of a walk, till he came to the bridge, while he perplexed himself to no purpose, to find out who could have betrayed him.

It was natural that a man, who at all times saw but indifferently, should, on the present occasion, see scarcely any at all; should run foul of every body he met, and seek to avoid them, without seeing any thing but their shoe-buckles; and should be as far from saluting others, as from thanking those by whom he was saluted. In this manner he was hurrying along, and fell in about the middle of the bridge, with a whole company of well-drest

women. He was already some paces beyond them, when he heard a loud laughter behind him, and distinguished the following words: "No, no, the dreamer must not pass so!" "By no means," added a half-learned coxcomb, "though he should even intreat us, like *Archimedes*, to leave his darling circle undisturbed." *Bendorf*, now looking about, was surprised to see *Julia* and her whole company, who were engaged in that very walk, in which he had been formerly invited to join;—he turned round, and apologised for his inattention.

"Not the least occasion for that," interrupted *Julia*, with a smile. "Are you not a bridegroom, a lover, and a scholar? One of these characters alone would give you a sufficient claim to inattention. But have you taken leave of *Amelia* already?"

Bendorf, with some difficulty, stammered out, "Yes;" while *Julia* looked at him with a penetrating glance, and smiled at the visible confusion he was in: he was again asked to be of the party, and readily accepted the invitation. His resentment at the late conduct of *Amelia*, arrayed *Julia* in double charms: she, though already provided with an attendant, secured him on her other hand, and her whole discourse was again directed to him. While they were thus conversing and walking along, a carriage drove up behind them; they look-

ed up, and *Julia* exclaimed: "Aha, there is your Miss *Mildau*: quick, off with your hat, Mr *Celandon*." A new shock for poor *Bendorf*, who looked as silly as a truant boy, caught by his master in the very fact: and took off his hat, by a sort of involuntary impulse, without scarcely believing his eyes. It was, however, but too surely *Amelia*. She had taken up a female friend, and loitered a few minutes with her. Her road then lay across the bridge: she knew him at a considerable distance, and putting on one of the most scornful glances, which her mild countenance was able to assume, leaned out of the carriage, and called to him as it drove past: "I am glad to see you in such good company—I will keep the promise I made you at parting."

"Does every thing then conspire for my destruction?" exclaimed *Bendorf*, forgetting where he was. —"For your destruction?" asked *Julia* hastily. "How can that be, my dear friend? Have you had any quarrel with *Amelia*? Not, I hope, on my account?"

"God forbid!"

"I should be extremely sorry if that were the case—I know *Amelia's* temper; she is as jealous as a *Spaniard*: it arises, indeed, from pure love; but

“still she is rather too jealous. Perhaps your staying so long with me”——

“Not at all, fairest *Julia*! had I had any quarrel with *Amelia*, I must have been a little out of humour; yet I never recollect being in better spirits—you shall be judge yourself.”

“Well, I take you at your word.”

And she did so effectually—her sprightliness and wit, soon dispelled the clouds that surrounded him: he fell into that extravagant vivacity, which is commonly adopted to conceal vexation; from the natural tendency to dissimulation, to advance a step or two beyond what is necessary. Sally after sally, sprightly repartees, and peals of laughter, followed close upon one another; till at last, he was actually what he only wished to appear; in the best humour possible; as there are men, who after having played the drunkard for some time, at last actually feel themselves intoxicated.

It was no wonder, that *Bendorf*, by this means should renew his claim to the favour of the ladies, and inspire *Julia* with the firmest resolution to employ every faculty for the recovery of the fugitive. She succeeded better than she could herself have hoped. Wherever he went on his return home, the image of *Julia* met his eyes in the fairest light, and that of *Amelia* thrown into shadow. The more
he

he reflected on the transactions of the past day, the more shamefully he found he had been used by the latter, and the more nobly and generously by the former. Every witty sally of *Julia*, was present in full force to recollection: every one of her charms was new to him; "Oh, she is a noble girl," was the conclusion of every soliloquy he held upon that subject.

She had invited him at parting to attend her next day to the theatre: "You are at present," added she laughing, "left in a sort of widower's condition; and when the sun hides herself behind a cloud, the moon, you know, may sometimes venture to peep out."

"Oh, I assure you, fair *Julia*, that moon is to me"—

"Tell me that to-morrow, dear *Bendorf*.—Exactly at five o'clock I expect you:" and she was gone immediately. Nothing gave *Bendorf* greater uneasiness, than these last words. He was but too sensible of the new passion that was springing up in his bosom, and was so honest as to acknowledge, that in spite of his little difference with *Amelia*, it was his duty to check it in the bud: nevertheless, his inward dissatisfaction, his respect for the rules of politeness, and his own inclination got the better. He was with *Julia* again, about five

minutes from five, heard scarcely one scene of the whole play, but attended his fair companion home, in a state little short of intoxication. At parting, he was again asked, but as if wholly by chance, whether he would be of the party to-morrow for an airing—"I have kept you a place in our carriage," added she, taking him carelessly by the hand, "can you ride backwards, for you are now under my management, and I must take care that you catch no harm." He answered her question in the affirmative, made her half a promise to come; and after walking up and down his chamber, for two hours, in hesitation, said at last to himself, "only for this once," and so continued to play the same part, with only a few slight variations, for the space of six or seven days.

Yet *Bendorf* was by no means so exceedingly changeable, that he did not often reflect with anxiety, on *Amelia*, and the means of appeasing her resentment. One word of favour from her would have brought the wanderer back to the right way; but, alas, she still refused to utter it; and since the last adventure upon the bridge, being still more confirmed in her suspicions, resolved to persist in keeping at a distance. To a respectful letter, intreating her forgiveness, composed with all possible art, and sent to her by a special messenger, she condescended

condescended not to give any written reply : a verbal message in the most scornful style, thanking him for his fine *poem*, was all that she sent him in return ; which naturally tended to exasperate him the more. *Julia's* wit, on the other hand, was always equal ; her attractions became daily more dangerous ; an ardent declaration of his passion stood often hovering on his lips, and was as often swallowed again. He was just on the point of assuming courage to speak, when he heard that *Amelia* was returned to town. His good angel now interposed, awakening from slumber with new strength : he flew to her habitation, but was not admitted : thrice he repeated his application, and thrice was he repulsed from the door.

It would here be impossible to continue my narrative minutely, without growing prolix, or rather tedious. It is enough, that the plague of human life, the unlucky race of tale-bearers interfered in this matter, as in many others, and added to *Amelia's* resentment by a thousand stories, how often, and under what precise circumstances, *Bendorf* and *Julia* had been seen together. She now resolved to prove him in an exemplary manner. Of this sort of trial he soon became weary, and began to absent himself wholly from a door, which he now found always shut against him. It is sufficient to
add,

add, that this behaviour was looked upon by *Amelia* as high-treason; and that *Julia*, in consequence; soon beheld herself the declared mistress of his heart. He avowed his love; she confessed that it was mutual: her father gave his entire approbation, and in a few weeks their hands were united. The news of this marriage threw next morning the whole town into astonishment. *Amelia*, who had previous intelligence that it was about to take place, was one of the first to congratulate *Bendorff*, and sent him a large packet of papers, accompanied by the following note:

S I R,

There was formerly a period, when from a certain connection, we frequently exchanged letters with one another. That period is now past; I shall do every thing in my power to forget it; and that I may no longer retain any thing to put me in mind of it, I here send you back your letters, and expect also from your generosity, the restoration of mine.

Amelia Mildau.

Postscript: "Inclosed is a letter formerly received from your present wife. I consider it now, as much the same with one of your own."

Bendorff.

Bendorf turned over hastily the whole letters, to find that of *Julia*; and was astonished, upon meeting with it, to read as follows :

“ Dearest *Mildau*,

“ I was very much surprised, at your sending to apologize for a matter of so little moment : and still more surprised at the person you employed to bring me your apology. Your *Bendorf*, who dines with us, and from whom I have with great difficulty, stolen away for two minutes to write this, does honour to your choice, by his cheerfulness and wit : the whole company is full of his praises. We paid him the usual compliment of drinking your health, and only think, the bashful swain blushed, and would fain have denied his passion. Forgive my father and me, for depriving you of his company for a few hours to-day ; you know, you will soon have him entirely to yourself. If, as he tells us, you are to leave town to-day, may your journey be prosperous, and be assured, that you are saluted in idea, with true sisterly affection, by your

Julia Hilmer,

Postscript. “ Perhaps I may give *Bendorf* himself this kiss to deliver to you : may I venture so far ? or are you jealous, my dear girl ? ”

Thrice

Thrice did *Bendorf* read over this fatal billet. Every thing in the behaviour of *Amelia*, which had hitherto appeared to him unaccountable, stood clear as sunshine to his eyes; he now comprehended the reason of her jealousy and passion at their last interview; he now knew whom he had to thank, for being so clearly convicted of falsehood; and he was even penetrating enough, to guess what *Julia's* motive had been for writing this letter.

Poor *Bendorf*! he was only doubtful of one thing; whether he should be angry or pleased—Repentance for his own conduct; resentment for *Julia's* cunning and concealment, spoke strongly on one side; but another voice, a voice which assured him, that *Amelia's* jealousy would, in all probability, have rendered him unhappy; that the ardent attachment of *Julia*, was shown very clearly in this step; that he was indebted to it alone, for his present felicity; this voice made itself be heard in its turn, and gave loud opposition to these reproaches.

While he was thus considering, and hanging in suspense, his young wife came into the room. Her beauty, which the raptures of the former night had tinged with somewhat of a paler hue; but which they had rather increased than diminished; her languishing eye, her melting kisses, her arm
which.

which she threw so tenderly around him, and her bosom so closely meeting his, banished immediately every other idea. He showed her indeed the letter; but her frank acknowledgement, that it was dictated by her wish to obtain him; her half sportive, and half solemn assurance, that he should never have reason to regret the exchange, put an end to all his remonstrances. He thanked her, by kissing her hand and embracing her; was afraid he was unworthy of so much tenderness, and challenged even the gods themselves to show him a happier, a more fortunate man.

Deluded wretch! he did not consider, that every woman, has at least two sides: that the mistress, the bride, and the young married lady, sets always very prudently the fairest of the two, in the clearest light; but that the other soon enough takes its turn. As a bridegroom, he had day after day, revelled in different companies with *Julia*; and endeavoured to make himself as agreeable as possible, to the numerous acquaintances to whom she introduced him; but as a husband, he soon began to find them tiresome. Nor was this merely as they robbed him of the time, which ought to have been devoted to necessary business; but the secretary, who had so often been invited out, must now when, as the phrase is, he had got a house of his
own.

own, invite others as often in return; and he found that he saved little or nothing, when he dined abroad, although he spent a great deal when he had company at home. *Julia* drest with much taste; and her bridegroom had often paid her compliments upon it; but her husband now found reason to sigh over the milliners' and mantuamakers' bills; and even bit his lips with vexation, when he perceived her violent passion for play, which frequently cost her in one evening ten or twelve louis-d'ors, with as little remorse, as if it had been so many pence.

His house was now become a rendezvous for idlers of quality, for gamesters, and pick-pockets; and he, who never had felt in himself any strong attachment for the business of his office, now daily neglected it more and more; and his income diminished in the same proportion as his expences increased. He was indeed not a little astonished, with the sum total, at the end of the first year; he even made a firm resolution, to think of retrenching his household expences; but to think of it was all the length he could go: one single request of his *Julia*, a single hint of the fortune she had brought him, and above all, his own inclination, carried him again down the stream: he lived for five years in such a stile, that on the sixth, he
found

found there was now left nothing but the scanty income of his office.

If indigence caused him to murmur in secret, it brought *Julia* nearly to despair. No more card-money, when she wished to play; no more ducats, when a new silk arrived; no more credit, when she chose to give invitations. All this was too melancholy to be supported by *Madam Bendorf*, without contriving a remedy. In a metropolis, so amply provided with rich and luxurious libertines, it was impossible that a young, vain, and beautiful woman, should long want money, who was determined to gain it. *Count Starrberg* often visited *Julia*. He had the felicity to be very much in the good graces of the ladies, particularly those of the highest quality; for his conversation was trifling; his compliments silly, but sweet; his cloaths in the newest fashion, and his purse always well filled. He had long paid his principal attentions to *Bendorf's* young wife; but hitherto to no purpose; now, however, she seemed to invite his advances, and *Starrberg* was not the man who required such a hint to be repeated. He was about to make use of sumptuous presents, as the most likely means to facilitate his victory; and who knows but the fortress itself, might have been thinking of a capitulation, when

an unforeseen event annihilated at once all his hopes.

Bendorf, however much he was persuaded, that his wife alone was the cause of his misery, continued to love her with an affection and fidelity; which, if we believe some ill-natured observers, is not very common in our sex. The Count's intentions did not escape his penetrating eye; and his fears on that subject increased into suspicion, when he saw, that his presents were received. With the most affectionate tenderness, he remonstrated with his *Julia*, and she was still reasonable enough, to give ear to him.

When he had ended, the artful woman, who was able to do every thing, but live œconomically, threw her arms around his neck with equal tenderness, and swore that her fidelity to him had never wavered, nor ever would. "You are still as dear to me, as in that moment, when the sweet hope of stealing you from *Amelia*, first awakened anew in my breast—you are my all; my pride and my happiness; nor will you ever cease to be so. But why should we make any ceremony of pillaging this wealthy fool? Is there not upon his side, a superfluity which he does not deserve, and upon ours, an indigence equally unmerited? Trust me to my virtue and my prudence. The former will keep

keep me true to you ; and the latter will save you for a twelvemonth to come, the heavy article of my dress, and many other expences."

" No, no, dear *Julia*.—If one of us, from our present unhappy situation, must have recourse to artifice and fraud ; let the hard task fall upon me. Here are four hundred dollars, to spend as you please. Employ the half of them in your pleasures, and the other half in necessaries." *Julia* started : four hundred glittering dollars was more than she had seen for a long time in her husband's possession : and far more, than she at present suspected him to have.

" Ay, my dear golden husband, where have you got so much money?"

" That's my affair, *Julia*.—Take it, and use it : but on this condition, that from this moment, you break off all connection with the Count."

" With all my heart, my dear love." (*In a louder voice*) "*John*, bring me pen, ink, and paper." The good husband, without waiting the tardy *John*, ran himself and brought them. The Count's last present was returned to him in a scornful billet, with an assurance, that his intentions were discovered and despised. This unexpected letter astonished the Count not a little. As he was full of confidence in his approaching victory, he had al-

ready favoured about a dozen of his acquaintances, with a particular description of the fair *Bendorf*, in which not one of her charms was forgotten: but the whole woman was pourtrayed as minutely, as if she had been sitting to him for a model. He soon however got the better of his surprize; and with an exclamation against the miserable taste of the plebeian canaille, he flew to a female friend in the neighbourhood, whose clumsy figure was but a poor indemnification for the *Venus* he had lost: but whose favours of all sorts, from the lowest to the highest, could be had at a much more reasonable price.

Bendorf and his wife, in the mean time, lived for some weeks in a new round of pleasure and extravagance. She now again had the satisfaction of employing a number of tradesmen and shopkeepers, and of seeing thrice in the following week, fifteen guests at her table. The thoughtless woman did not consider how dear perhaps the money he had given her might have cost her husband; and yet suspicion would have been here but natural, and, alas, but too well founded. *Bendorf* had, in consequence of his office a considerable sum of money under his keeping; and had managed it hitherto with the strictest punctuality: even the most urgent necessity of his own would not have induced him to touch any part of it: but jealousy was more powerful

powerful than indigence. With a vain, and almost childish resolution of soon replacing it, he now took it up: the four hundred dollars he had given *Julia* were taken from hence: and the term of its payment appeared, without a single penny being replaced. As his whole happiness and reputation depended upon the concealment of this step, he now saw himself compelled to another not less important. He had hitherto avoided nothing more carefully than having any connection with usurers; but he was now obliged to have recourse to them: and as his credit was already very much sunk, he fell into the hands of men who had nothing christian about them but their habit; and who demanded of course the higher interest, as they ran such a risk of losing the principal.

A thousand times did *Bendorf* determine to reform his whole way of living; but the cursed dread of losing his wife's affections, interposed always, and shut his mouth. Frequently, when he was on the point of intreating her, to wear head-dresses less costly, or not to play whist every day for so high a stake: she would come to him with the most affectionate look, and tell him, that such a lady, her neighbour, had got a fine new gown for a birth-day present: that the play to be that night performed, was a charming piece; or that she had

now been twice dining in such a family without asking them in return. The poor man stood before her, with a look of as great perplexity, as if he had just eaten mustard, and wanted to conceal its effects upon his nerves. He was still silent, but a single kiss, or a single fond question: "what think you, my dear?" brought him to give her his last penny: which was frequently more than *his* last. The night was then past in sleepless anxiety, and next morning, produced a new bond to the usurers.

Such a way of living could not last long. That poverty, which was so much dreaded, and from which a short respite had been procured, by means much worse than itself, broke now forth with double fury, like a flood which had been vainly attempted to be dammed. *Bendorf* indeed wanted not sufficient inclination to borrow more; another thing only was wanting, which is equally essential to the business of borrowing; he could no longer meet with a lender. In vain did *Julia* now ask him for money; he was now obliged to do, what he should have done long ago; he was obliged to refuse her. Her acquaintances now treated her with coldness, and her card-tables were empty. And even this appearance of retrenchment, made his suspicious creditors still more suspicious: their bonds

bonds came in upon him daily, and he had the prospect before him of an immediate arrest; which, according to the law of the country, he knew must be followed with the loss of his office.

He was now sunk into that insensibility, which extreme distress at last brings to our relief, and sitting one day alone in his chamber; his wife had retired to her closet, under the pretence of a severe headache; and begged that she might be left there for some hours to sleep undisturbed. The door was hastily opened by *Weller*, the last friend that *Bendorff* had left. "Friend," cried he, "you must fly immediately—If you delay but two hours, you will be in custody—I saw the warrant for that purpose, in the hands of *Erlach*, the most unmerciful of lawyers. He suspected, I know not for what reason, that there had been a misunderstanding between us, and thought he was doing me a pleasure, when he showed me the fatal paper.—Fly, I beseech you—here, in this purse, is all the money I can at present spare; take it, and do the best you can with it."

Bendorff stood long, as if he had been petrified. In vain did *Weller* continue with the most affectionate warmth, to urge him to the necessity of flight; all the answer he could draw from him, was, that he must first consult with his wife. He
hastened.

hastened to her closet; to her bed—there was no *Julia* there—he called to her over the whole house; but there followed neither voice nor answer. “What can this mean?” cried he out in a rage, and ran to *Julia’s* confidential maid, with such an air of fury and impatience, that the poor terrified creature fell trembling at his feet. “Dearest, best of masters, only spare me; and I will readily confess all that I know. My lady is not sick, she is only gone out.” “And whither?” “Only to a house, where she had appointed to meet a gentleman, as she has done sometimes already.” “And who is the gentleman, wretch?” “Count *Starrberg*.”

Bendorf, as if a dagger had pierced his heart, sunk speechless upon the nearest seat, and wildly struck his forehead with his doubled fist; a few minutes afterwards, when he had recovered his speech, he raised himself up and cried aloud—“This too—this too. Completely ruined on her account; and yet thus dishonoured and deceived. Shall I wait for her and punish her? shall the faithless woman from my hand—No, no—Let poverty, shame, and her own conscience be her punishers. I will not anticipate the revenge of him, who has punished so severely my imprudence.” Then after a pause of a few minutes, he went on thus—“Here,

on:

on this very spot, where I wept for the death of my two children. I now thank thee, eternal providence, that thou didst so graciously take them to thyself. I can now violate no paternal duty; and the duties of a husband I here renounce; the faithless woman is no longer worthy to be called my wife. How willingly would I have fulfilled the obligations of a debtor and a citizen, if my poverty would have permitted." With these words he seized *Weller's* hand, (who had beheld all this scene, and being afraid of something worse, was rejoiced at this prudent resolution), secured a few valuables which were still left him, and hurried to his friend's house: in less than a quarter of an hour, he was on horseback, and forsook for ever his native country.

In his flight, he stopt only for a minute, at one house---at the habitation of *Amelia*. It was long since she had become the wife of a worthy man, a happy mother, and the esteemed friend of many respectable persons. She had long ago forgotten the uneasiness which *Bendorf* had given her; but she sincerely lamented his hard fate; and sometimes would, in secret, reproach herself gently for her jealousy. Here *Bendorf* stopt, looked up at the window, and exclaimed; "There, wretch, didst thou once stand; happy in the present; and

still

still happier in the prospect of the future. Accurst be the moment, in which an unlucky instance of thy rashness, occasioned the destruction of the whole happiness of thy life."

He continued his flight, weeping, and past the remainder of his short life in obscurity and indigence in a foreign land.



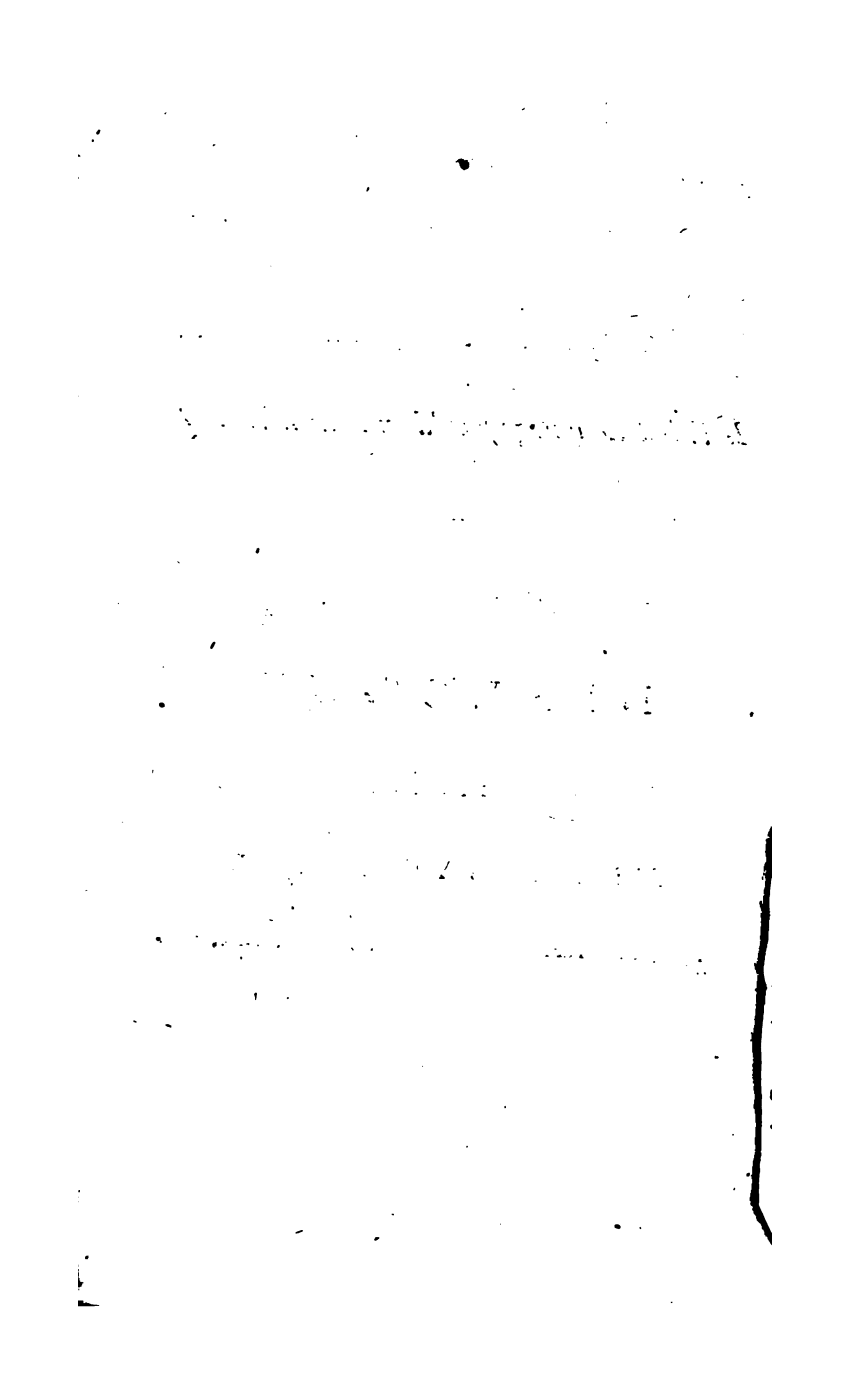
In What Language should an Author Write?

A

GENUINE
DIALOGUE.

FROM

MEISSNER'S SKETCHES, VOL. I.



In What Language should an Author Write?

LORD CLARKE, during his short residence in a certain town of Germany, paid a visit to one of our principal literati. They conversed together for some time about Plato and Cicero, about Livy and Thucydides; and the noble stranger displayed so much erudition, as filled the other with no small astonishment; who, at last, seizing his hand and pressing it, exclaimed: How I rejoice, my Lord, to find in a person of your condition, and more especially in an Englishman, such an uncommon veneration for writers of antiquity, united with so great a degree of penetration.

L. Clarke. Your joy, my dear Doctor, surprizes me not a little. What you value so highly, is only our school exercises; and what every Englishman of common diligence carries home with him from our universities.

Doctor. Indeed, my Lord! You will however pardon me for thinking, that your Lordship's countrymen are still very far from having a true taste,

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for

for the works of the ancients; and that it will not be otherwise, so long as your authors continue to write only in English.

L. Clarke. That I do not entirely comprehend. How then would you have our authors to write?—Are your's accustomed to write always in Greek or Latin?

Doctor. There, you have hit upon the cause of my uneasiness. Formerly, my Lord, they always did so; but for these thirty years past, that excellent custom has been discontinued by degrees; and our taste, of consequence, is very much on the decline.

L. Clarke. (*Half smiling*) But are there not still many, who write in one of these ancient languages.

Doctor. O yes: heaven be praised, we have yet many a fine Latinist among us.

L. Clarke. But tell me, then, I beseech you, do these fine Latinists make their own shoes?

Doctor. What a question!—

L. Clarke. Or do they tan the leather for their own boots?

Doctor. For Heaven's sake, my Lord! how came such an idea into your head?

L. Clarke. And yet they write Latin.

Doctor. (*A little displeased*) Nay then: but could I only perceive the connection between writing Latin, and being their own shoemakers.

L. Clarke.

L. Clarke. My dear Sir, nothing more evident. With us the man of riches and quality, applies himself to study, and endeavours to penetrate as far as possible, into the secrets of nature, and the truths of philosophy; into the principles of our duty, and the end of our being; he enriches his memory with the wisdom of antiquity; and notes down every thing remarkable in his own age. In a word, he is occupied in preparing his mind, by the laborious acquisition of a multiplicity of sciences, either for a life of reflection or activity. He afterwards communicates the result of his inquiries in a language intelligible to the bulk of the people; well knowing that the labour of the hands, engages so closely the time of his fellow citizens, as must entirely preclude them from the labours of the head. It is in expectation of this, and of other good offices, and not merely for the sake of his money, that the plebeians labour to render him comfortable; and by supplying him with the necessaries and conveniences of life, procure him that leisure which he could not otherwise enjoy. But were he to write in a language which they do not understand, what of consequence could afford them neither instruction nor amusement, he would deserve but little, that they should toil in his behalf. Such, Doc-

tor, is our way of thinking in Britain, and surely the principles upon which it is founded, are too just and rational, not to meet with the approbation, not only of the Germans, but of every nation of sense.



BIANCA CAPELLO.

A.

DRAMATIC NARRATIVE.

From the same Work.



BIANCA CAPELLO.

PROLOGUE.

THE power and opulence of the Italian republics, were, in the sixteenth century, at their greatest extent. Their commercial towns equalled the residences of royalty, and their merchants were not inferior to princes.

Of peculiar eminence was the republic of Florence. Her flag was displayed in every part of the ocean; and a number of the most illustrious families inhabited her city. Of these, one of the principal was that of Salviati. Wherever commerce was in a flourishing condition, this family had established her warehouses; to which she was accustomed from time to time, to send from Florence those young persons, whose talents were conspicuous, but whose fortunes were narrow.

At Venice, was one of her most important establishments; and there, among others who were employed in her service; was the hero of our narrative, PIETRO BONAVENTURI. He was young, handsome, accomplished and amiable, but, alas! he was also poor and proud.

Another

Another Florentine of the name of Martelli, had long been his only confidential friend. But what should now prevent me, from introducing them together, and allowing them to speak and to act for themselves?

S C E N E I.

MARTELLI, BONAVENTURI.

Mart. But where, my friend, can this end? this strangeness of humour, which for some weeks past, you have thought proper to counterfeit, (for I cannot think it real) this continual melancholy and aversion to society, perfectly suitable for an anchorite of fourscore, how much longer is it to continue?

Bon. Probably, Martelli, for the rest of my life.

Mart. But why so? what should put you thus out of humour with yourself? have you not a master who values you highly, and who treats you less like an inferior, than a friend?

Bon. I were ungrateful to deny it.

Mart. You have companions who love you, and who value your friendship; your expences are trifling, and your salary ample; you play seldom, and even then with good fortune; and you pass among all your acquaintances, for a man of understanding.

Bon. A great distinction, indeed!

Mart.

Mart. Such a distinction, however, as millions cannot always purchase! besides all this, you are healthy and vigorous.

Bon. Am I so?

Mart. At least to appearance—your cheek is round and ruddy, and your eyes—Ask only the girls in the neighbourhood: I wager there is none of them to whom young Bonaventuri would not be a welcome lover.

Bon. None, think'st thou! think'st thou so indeed?—What a pity, that you are not one of them. That you are not—But no—I will not expose myself—I will suffer in silence, though my life should be the forfeit. I am not ignorant of the force of ridicule, which to the wretch, who is weak enough to discover his affliction, is often more intolerable than the affliction itself.

Mart. (*In the most serious tone*) Bonaventuri!

Bon. (*Looking on him stedfastly*) Well?

Mart. Is it so lately, since we were acquainted? With what a pitiful society have you thought fit to associate me? When did I sport with the misfortunes of the miserable? When have I——

Bon. (*Rising with impatience, and seizing his hand*) Stop, Martelli stop, I beseech thee! these reproaches I cannot bear—you shall know all, upon my word.

word you shall---only not to-day---to-morrow, perhaps to morrow.

Mart. Oh! you trifler! shall I then be more worthy of your confidence than now? why then this delay?

Bon. Well, then, importunate, since it must be so. But if you should be so cruel as to laugh at me afterwards. Look not upon me so stedfastly and seriously, nor knit your brows with such severity of wisdom. My distrust was ill-founded: I think you will not mock me. (*In a softer tone*) Martelli, I am in love.

Mart. (*Laughing*) And this is all! Heaven be praised. I was afraid of hearing something extraordinary---that a mountain in such labour, should bring forth only a mouse! but who is your charmer?

Bon. (*Seriously*) To laugh, before you know---

Mart. Go on, and start not at every trifle.

Bon. Do you know the house of Capello?

Mart. I should so, as it stands just opposite to our own. What smart wench there---

Bon. Be silent, and answer. Have you seen Bianca?

Mart. Bianca, the daughter of old Capello! the heiress of a more than princely fortune? Bonaventuri, thou art not yet---

Bon.

Bon. (*With bitterness*) Thou art not yet! art not yet! I asked you only whether you had seen her?

Mart. Yes, indeed, twice.

Bon. Ah! thou happy man! unworthy of thy happiness. Thou hast seen that majesty which sits upon her forehead; and that inimitable sweetness which sparkles in her eye; that noble dignity of look and gesture; that rosy cheek; that delicate foot, and that bosom which her veil endeavours vainly to conceal; thou hast seen these, and canst yet ask me. God have mercy on thee, *Martelli*, what a statue thou art.

Mart. But friend——

Bon. No more, you know now, what it is that torments me---add not to my affliction, by your unseasonable reproof. Was it my fault, poor wretch, that I saw her. [*Exit hastily.*]

Mart. Poor indeed! what a romantic idea---*Bianca* for thee; *Bianca*, the pride of Venice---Even as if I should fall in love with the Empress. [*Exit.*]

The reader may here imagine to himself, the duration of four days of suffering; an eternity for the victim of hopeless love---and then

SCENE

SCENE II.

BONAVENTURI, *alone.*

Fool that I was, to intrust *Martelli* with my secret. Wherever I go, he is sure to pursue me, and tortures me with remonstrances and maxims of prudence, as if I did not know it sufficiently myself: as if I did not feel it in every vein, what a fool I am. where is the remedy? well, it is but just that this heart of mine should suffer for its imprudence; it is but just that I should be unhappy. I will throw from me instantly this miserable life, more oppressive to me, than the garment of winter, to the panting traveller of a summer's day—(*After a pause*) But I am resolved, however, that she shall know of it beforehand; know who I am, know that I loved her; that I died for her, and died willingly. One word from thee, divine creature, and all the world will be of no moment; and were that word to be but friendly, I should not envy the life of angels. Perhaps the bounty of indulgent heaven, will not deny this last consolation, to the gloomy twilight of a miserable life, so soon to be succeeded by eternal darkness—(*in a determined tone.*) I will therefore—I must speak to her. But how shall I deceive her severe duenna, that shadow which accompanies her wherever she goes? and why deceive her? Is she not

a woman? and can she be a stranger to the power of love? Will she reject a kneeling suppliant, or can she be deaf to the voice of flattery? No! I will try it—to-morrow will I try it—to-morrow, as soon as I see her come abroad. Gracious heaven! and were it to succeed, how willingly would I not consent, that to-morrow should be the last day of my life.—

Next morning, in pursuance of his resolution, he watched the motions of *Bianca's* Governess, saw her go out, followed her immediately, and had the good fortune to overtake her, in a place where they were but little exposed to observation.

SCENE III.

BONAVENTURI and BIANCA's GOVERNESS.

Bon. Will you pardon me, Madam, for having the boldness to speak to you only a few words. It concerns the life of one of my friends.

Gov. Me, Sir? Are you not mistaken in the person?

Bon. Not at all—you are the Governess of *Capello's* daughter.

Gov. So I am—But how can I—

Bon. You behold in me the most unhappy of mortals, if you will not consent to hear me. One of my countrymen, whose welfare is equally dear

to me as my own, is in danger of losing, in a few days, all that he values, and even life itself, if you, noble, generous lady, will not be induced to take compassion upon him.

Gov. But, tell me, then, what can I do?

Bon. His fate depends upon the decision of *Capello*. *Capello* will be moved by the intercession of his daughter; and his daughter's freedom is in your hands. Allow me then, my dear lady, to speak a few words to your amiable charge. I have been told that her countenance is sweetness itself; and, perhaps, her heart does not belie it. Perhaps she will hear me, and prevail upon her father, to restore life to my friend and to me.

Gov. (*Aside*) A fine youth. (*To Bon.*) I do not, Sir, quite understand your design. Is this, tell me, your whole petition?

Bon. The whole.

Gov. Well then, it shall be granted. I sympathise too readily with the misfortunes of others, to show myself hard-hearted upon mere suspicion. You might, indeed, with greater propriety, have transmitted your petition to *Bianca*, by me; but I see you are unwilling that the destiny of your friend should be trusted entirely to my care. Well, then, you shall see, and speak to her.

Bon.

Bon. Shall I? Ten thousand thanks for your goodness—But when? where? how?

Gov. You must, indeed, be very fond of your countryman—your warmth of expression is a sufficient proof. Hear then: I am frequently accustomed to visit with *Bianca* a cloister in *Zucca*. Neglect not to-morrow morning at nine to be in that street at the second bridge, and you will then have an opportunity of entering the same *Gondola* which carries us over. Do not forget it—at the stroke of nine.

Bon. Forget it! ah, sooner would I forget the name of this city, or even my own. Farewel, generous lady. May the Virgin reward you for your compassion to the miserable. [Exit.]

Gov. With what ease and grace did the youth express himself; and how readily did I grant his request. I am not accustomed to be so precipitate. It is well that I am no longer a girl; such a man might then have been dangerous. He goes into *Salviati's* house—Surely it must be *Salviati* himself—at least one noways his inferior. But what, if there should be some artifice in the matter? *Bianca* is no common beauty; and this young man's manner is passionate and engaging. No, no—let me not be suspicious—such a noble countenance as his, cannot surely be the mask of dissimulation.

SCENE IV.

Midnight. BONAVENTURI alone in his Chamber.

He kneels.

Gracious God! my most fervent thanks---Let them ascend on eagle's pinions; let them echo through all thy heavens. I shall see her---shall speak to her. No farther petition will I make---This is enough, that I shall see and speak to her. Even were the whole of my future life, nothing but trouble, anxiety, and torment, still would I not venture to complain; still would I not venture to say, that thou, all-powerful Father, hast scattered thy blessings with a sparing hand. This moment of hope and transport is the noblest gift of a God of goodness. And thou, saint *Anthony*, guardian of my life, who gavest me courage on this happy day; inspire me to-morrow with all the power of persuasion. Open my lips, and let the spirit of wisdom dictate to thy votary all that he shall say. With boldness can I, at present, implore your assistance; and that of all the saints in heaven. Even to the immaculate Virgin herself I can present my supplication without a blush. For my passion is not like the passion of the world---It is the purest, the most spiritual love, that ever animated a mortal bosom.

During

During the rest of this tedious night, sleep was a stranger to *Bonaventuri's* eyes. Great part of it was spent in tears, prompted alternately by joy and grief. At last, the wished-for morn appeared;—the clock at last struck nine.

SCENE V.

A Street. BIANCA and her GOVERNESS passing to the Canal.

Bia. You think, then, that it was *Salviati*?

Gov. Certainly—I recollect, also, that I saw him once before. What a noble family is that of *Salviati*. This young man can be nothing less. The ardour with which he spoke for his friend; the artless, but animated thanks, which he gave me; the graceful politeness with which he took leave;—all testify the nobleness of his birth.

Bia. You make me always the more curious—I wish only that he may wait for us.

Gov. I wish I were as sure of a thousand ducats, as that he will not stay away. Ho, boatman.—
(*While they are stepping in*). Is there nobody here before us?

Boatman. Yes—a young well-drest fellow has been walking about here for some time. He stopt thrice just at my *Gondola*, and by the earnestness with which he examined it, I thought, at first, that

he had a mind to purchase it. If I am not mistaken, he is yonder still.

Bia. What, if we were to make him a signal.---
(Raises her veil, and looks round her with a perspective : the Governess waves a white cloth ; then Bianca.)
 See, he comes, he comes already. With what astonishing rapidity he flies : a swallow, methinks, would be left behind him.

Gov. Is he not handsome.

Bia. Pretty well ; by what I can see.---*(Aside)*
 Pretty well, did I say ? Gracious heaven ! pardon my falsehood---Never did I see a more handsome figure---

Gov. Use your veil : he is here already.

Bia. *(Aside)*. Never did I use it with more reluctance.

Bonaventuri. *(Stepping into the vessel)*. Forgive, Ladies, forgive the boldness of one so entirely unknown to you both. And you, fair *Bianca*, behold at your feet---

Bia. *(Stopping him)*. That, Sir, I cannot permit. *Signora* has told me, that you come to solicit my intercession in behalf of an unfortunate friend.

Bon. *(Sighing)*. Unfortunate indeed !

Bia. Be quick, then, Sir ; and if there is any thing within the compass of my poor ability, in
 which

which I can be of use to your friend, speak it out with freedom and boldness.

Bon. Who can be bold you, and speak with boldness? Who can hear you, and talk with freedom?

Angel of heaven, your melodious voice——

Bia. No flattery, Sir, I intreat you. I never listen to it with any pleasure even in places more privileged than the present—Rather come to the point in question—How can I deliver your afflicted friend?

Bon. Oh, that I could speak—but, indeed, Madam——

Gov. I see, Sir, that my presence restrains you; and, although I could hear you with great pleasure, I am yet willing, out of friendship for you, to set you at liberty from this constraint. (*Retires to the other side of the Vessel.*)

Bon. This goodness is too much.—(*To Bia.*) Now, most beautiful, most gracious young lady, now indeed we are alone. But before I come to my principal petition, I have yet another request to make—Remove for a little that envious veil, and indulge me with a view of your charming eyes: there let me admire the masterpiece of nature, and there let me read the fate of my friend.

Bia. You speak in a language to which I am unaccustomed, and a tone, which I should scarcely have expected from one who was only the advocate

for

for another. Your request, however, shall be granted. (*Draws back her veil.*) And now no more circumlocution. What is it that you have to ask of me?

Bon. Gracious lady, but a single word. The smallest favourable accent from your lips; the smallest glance of approbation from your eyes; will restore life to a miserable creature, who stands at present upon the brink of the grave.

Bia. But for what crime must he then die?

Bon. For a boldness the most innocent and excusable of which a mortal was ever guilty. This unhappy person loves—loves you with ardor inexpressible—loves you, fair *Bianca*: and this unhappy, this audacious man, is the same who now stands before you.

Bia. Sir!—

Bon. Oh no, divinest creature, be not too hasty with your sentence! Allow me to enjoy for a few moments longer by far the happiest portion of my life. I tremble already at the prospect of the darkness which must henceforth overshadow my future days—But my comfort is, and my only comfort, that they cannot possibly be long.—(*Bianca resumes her veil, on the Governess's approach.*)

Gov. Are you ready, young gentleman? The Gondola is landed.

Bon.

Bon. Immediately, *Signora*. Now, then, gracious young lady, pronounce sentence upon my friend. From your lips, even condemnation will sound sweetly, however hopeless and unfathomable the abyss may be, into which it will plunge him. May he hope?

Bia. Great, indeed, is your friend's boldness—but go you and tell him, that he may. His advocate was too well chosen not to obtain for him my good-will.

Bon. Noblest of all the *Venetian* ladies—Never did celestial messenger of peace utter accents more refreshing. He will be more revived by this intelligence than the withering verdure by a summer-shower. (*About to kiss the hem of her garment, She reaches him her hand; then turning to the Governess*) But slender, *Signora*, is the fortune of my friend; and yet this moment has given him more than the richest monarch of the *Indies* can boast. He took my promise not to leave you, in case his petition should meet with success, until you accepted of this trifle, which I now present you with, in his name. Slight not his request, although he is unknown: refuse it not, I intreat you, for my sake. (*Puts a full purse into her hand, and before she has time to recover herself, retires hastily, looking steadily at Bianca.*)

Gov. Dear Sir, what do you mean? Take it back,

back, and do not imagine——But see, he has disappeared already as quickly as a spirit at the crowing of the cock. (*Opening it*) Look—gold, pure gold—Certainly it must be *Salviati* himself—Did he not tell you his name?

Bia. Fool that I was, not to think of asking.

Gov. But the matter itself—May I know what it was?

Bia. It was—it was—but, indeed——

Gov. Well, well, I see that my question rather displeases you. Only, if his petition be reasonable, I beg, for my sake, that you will not refuse it.—(*Opening the bag again*) Gold indeed, pure gold. This is one of my lucky days. [*Exeunt.*]

Query. If *Bonaventuri* was so poor, how came he by this gold?

Answer. The most honourable way in the world. He had now, for the space of three years, been chief agent to *Salviati*, and this which he gave away in the intoxication of his joy, was no less than *His All*.

It has been observed by a certain writer, (let him, who will not believe me upon my word, take the trouble of inquiring after his name,) that even the possession of the finest estate would give us but very little satisfaction, unless we had somebody to whom we could say: “What a fine estate I have got”

got"—In my opinion, a literal truth. *Bonaventuri* in his way homewards, solemnly vowed to impart to nobody one syllable of all that had past. And yet, how very soon after, was he tired with the burden of keeping the secret. No later than the same evening, the whole affair was known by *Martelli*: after which communication, the following dialogue past between them.—

S C E N E VI.

MARTELLI, BONAVENTURI.

Mart. Well, my friend, very well—better indeed than could have been expected. But where is all this to land? Have you reflected on that subject?

Bon. I thank you most humbly for your sage admonition—the most formal declaimer on the vanity of pleasure, could not have spoken with more prudence. Who can prognosticate future events? Allow me, only, a few minutes, and by the time we have finished our next glass, I may perhaps be able to make up my mind with regard to a matter of so little moment.

Mart. I should think, my friend, that the language of ridicule, is neither becoming upon the present occasion, nor such as my anxiety for your welfare deserves. You may laugh at my circumspection as much as you please, but perhaps the violence

violence of your temper might long before this have cost you dear, had it not been moderated by the caution of mine--The step which you ventured in this interview, must surely end in something of consequence.

Bon. Yes--in my death, if she refuses my petition.

Mart. But tell me what is to follow, if she grants it?

Bon. Oh! the noble, the amiable creature, conscious as she must be of her unbounded power and that like a God she can murder with a look; yet with the goodness and mercy of a God, to bestow life on a wretch like me--forgive me my friend if the warmth of my temper, sometimes betrays me into the use of expressions at which you have justly reason to be offended---you are anxious to know what is to be the consequence of the bold step I have already taken. But this is a question which I cannot answer, as the regulation of my conduct in a great measure, must depend upon time, passion and accident.

Mart. Three very uncertain counsellors! I wish you had better: for you know I love you. Can you hope, that your industry or good fortune will ever exalt you to such an eminence, as that you may openly pretend to *Bianca*?

Bon

Bon. You might with as much propriety have asked me, if ever I expected to be emperor of Japan.

Mart. Or will you continue by clandestine methods to endeavour to gain possession of her heart, and seek to deceive an innocent girl, who perhaps, from her want of experience in the world, may lend an ear to romantic hopes? And were she even to do so, were she even to consent to become yours, could you then step forward with the boldness of a man; and say, "This was my doing: forgive me now, and bestow her upon me."

Bon. And could you suppose me to be so base?

Mart. I suppose only that you are like other men: and that love may probably produce in you what it has already produced in thousands, an alteration in your first and firmest principles.

Bon. Never, my friend---accursed for ever be the road to fortune, when it conducts me through the mazes of deceit.

Mart. But what if she should love you so strongly, as to prefer you to riches, luxury and splendor; and throwing her arms about your neck, fly with you to some solitary corner of the earth.

Bon. Gracious heaven, what an elysium would that solitary corner be!

Mart. I believe it---so long as you remained con-

S

cealed;

sealed ; for I shall not, at present, make any mention of that unavoidable decay of passion, which, in a moment like this, will appear to be impossible. But where is the concealment which could protect you always ; where is the retreat, though shrouded with tenfold darkness, into which the sun never shone ? and if you were discovered—the rage of offended parents——

Bon. (*Interrupting him.*) Oh ! they would perhaps yield—surely they would forgive.—A kneeling daughter : the tears of a long-lost, of an only child ; ah ! what anger could they not arrest ?

Mart. The dagger too of revengeful relations, and the indignant scorn of a haughty family, who will think themselves disgraced, by your blood having mingled with theirs.

Bon. That shall they never. But why so much eagerness, to combat a phantom of your own creation ? Have I any of these three plans you mention, at present in my head ? No, I will rather pine away in silence, than aim at the possession of *Bianca*, and from the mean motives of self-love, cheat the dear girl of all the comfort of her life. True, she is my warmest, my only wish ; my first thought when I awaken, and my last, before I fall asleep. In her alone I live. Amidst the whole bustle of the surrounding world, I hear, see, and feel nothing

thing but her. Yet will I cheerfully renounce her, and comfort myself with the pleasing recollection; that there was a moment, in which she confess that she did not hate me, a moment in which I felt that we were separated, not for want of an union of souls, but by the external tinsel of this miserable world.

Mart. (In a warning tone) Friend, friend, you promise much.

Bon. No more than I will faithfully perform. From henceforth I will speak to her no more. My soul shall always hover round her, but this corporeal frame shall approach her no more. And if I aspire farther than this, if I ever violate this oath, then may I be punished by that Being, to whom the punishment of perjury belongs; and who tries the heart and reins of the children of men.

[Exit hastily, wiping his eyes.]

Mart. (Alone) How finely that sounds; and how gaily it glitters! and yet, poor friend, I fear, I fear, that this glancing metal, is nothing else but gilded copper. Its worth will undoubtedly disappear, whenever it is brought to the touchstone.

[Exit.]

One may easily suppose, how unquiet, in spite of this semblance of magnanimity, the heart of poor *Bonaventuri* felt. *Bianca's* fate in the mean time,

was still harder. She had no confidential friend, to allay the tumult of her love-sick soul, with the sweet and soothing accents of persuasion. Her sorrows were confined to her own bosom, and to none but herself, could she speak of the cause of it. The following soliloquy may serve as a sketch of some of the slightest touches of her feelings. It took place on the morning of the fifth day, after her interview with the beloved object.

S C E N E VII.

BIANCA, *alone.*

This was yet wanting, that thou shouldst become the phantom of my dreams. Hast thou already banished from my nights, the greatest part of my accustomed slumbers? Am I not already sufficiently exhausted by this eternal thinking of thee?—Oh! how he stood before me, and supplicated for mercy—His sparkling eyes shining through his tears—His fine, manly voice, sounding sweetly even in its trembling tones—His dignity in gait and gesture! But, oh fool! to think that the catalogue of his perfections, can admit of being numbered. But why do I thus, or, what purpose does it serve? Why will I thus afflict myself in vain, and melt thus away in solitude and silence, like a morning cloud on the lofty mountains? One word from me,
and

and this *Adonis* will be at my feet--will live for me, and for me alone; how worthy then of being envied? Did he not swear it to me? Can a mouth like his swear to a falsehood? It will cost me but a single word! Oh! I will utter that word: for I see plainly that he will not come without it. Too powerful *Salviati*, I know I should not, yet will I do it. Then, when he falls before me in kneeling gratitude, when, no longer a trembling criminal, he rises up in speechless rapture, embraces the bashful, blushing maiden, and covers her cheek with ardent kisses; oh! then, gracious Heaven, look down with pity and indulgence, upon the weakness of thy love-sick creature! (*Here she is interrupted by an impertinent visit.*)

BIANCA CAPELLO.

CONTINUED.

NOTHING turns the maiden cheek pale so quickly, as concealed love; and the *Governess* was too much attached to the sweet *Bianca*, not to observe immediately the alteration on hers, and with affectionate earnestness to inquire its cause.

S. 3.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

GOVERNESS *and* BIANCA.

Gov. It is to no purpose, my dear young lady! your affected cheerfulness does not deceive me—you nourish in the bottom of your heart, some melancholy that consumes you.

Bia. Not so, my dearest Governess, ah! not so.

Gov. Not so! accompanied with a sigh? oh! that emaciated cheek, that aversion to food and company, your restless nights, and your dreams by day; your wild and wandering looks, all these are not there for nothing.

Bia. And if they had a cause! what then?

Gov. Oh then, it ought to be communicated; your grief should be poured out into my affectionate bosom. Have I not always shown myself more your friend, than your controller? Has it not been my chief pleasure to anticipate, even the least of your wishes? Did you ever petition me in vain? Or did I ever abuse your confidence?

Bia. Never, never—only let me alone at present.

Gov. Never less, than at present. I will fatigue you with questions, as often as we are alone; will keep close to you wherever you go, and even in company,

company, whisper in your ear: "Reveal your affliction, distrustful *Bianca*."---This I swear by the name of the Eternal, will I continue to do, till I get the better of your caprice..

Bia. (*With a smile of anguish*) And were I to get the better of it immediately, would my wishes have any chance of being granted?

Gov. Every reasonable one undoubtedly, and, surely the noble daughter of *Capello*, will not think of forming any other.

Bia. Well, I am satisfied. Know then, my dearest Signora, my best and only friend, my second mother, know then (*casting down her eyes a few minutes*) I am in love. (*Hitherto Bianca had spoken in a soothing tone; now she goes on with more warmth.*) I love *Salviati*, that amiable stranger, with whom you so lately made me acquainted. He likewise burns for me.---Himself was the criminal for whom he petitioned---Love for me was his crime; and a request of love was his request: I gave him my promise, and I mean to keep it.

Gov. What do you tell me? Is it possible?

Bia. Rather ask, if it could be otherwise. To see him, and love him, was the work of one minute---of a minute did I say? Oh! no, of a second.---of less than a second.---Even if he had not spoken a word, my heart must have infallibly been
his.

his; and now, now it is bound to him more strongly, than with adamantine chains. I have now sworn within myself, more solemnly than if it were a duty of religion, that no mortal but he shall be my husband.

Gov. Bianca, dear Bianca—

Bia. Dear Signora, no objection. They are grains of corn scattered on the rocks. Alas! those sown by *Salviati*, fell all of them upon good land. I feel, that without him, I could not live; that without him the most miserable of wretches might be called happy, in comparison. Wherever I look, I behold him; whenever I think, I think of him; whenever I speak, I wish to utter the name of *Salviati*--Oh, *Salviati! Salviati!*

Gov. But what would you have?

Bia. I would beseech you, by all that you hold sacred, by the tenderness of your maternal affection, by my childish obedience, and by the fountain of all love, to promise me your assistance to fulfil my resolution, which, as you see, does not endanger my honour. This is what I beg and supplicate from you.

Gov. Suffer me, young lady, at least to speak to you. I am indeed astonished, above all things, at a passion so violent for a person unknown, and who has scarcely been once in your company--yet

I have

I have already been acquainted with this kind of passion; the more sudden, the more violent; but fortunately so much the less durable.

Bia. What a poor, fallacious sort of knowledge. Have you not had more experience of my heart? Do you not know, that though it chuses quickly, it is stedfast in its choice? Have I ever before, among the thousands that I saw, loved any one, or even distinguished him by particular praises? Oh! no---It was reserved for *Salviati* alone, to charm me, and to fetter me for ever.

Gov. This is love indeed, with all its delusions. It gives a substance to shadows, and stops the ears of youth, against reason and remonstrance.

Bia. (*Peevishly*). No sentences, Signora. It is your succour, not your counsel, that I beg for at present.

Gov. But do you then look upon an union with a stranger, as a matter of so little moment, as not to require a previous application to parents and relations, and even a previous examination of yourself, that you may be sure on what grounds you love?

Bia. How, my dear mother, can I know that? Love, that could be accounted for by reason, would no longer deserve the name. The first moment I saw the youth, was the beginning of my passion, and

and the last moment of my life shall be its end—
Without knowing wherefore I fell in love with
him; but this I know, that from henceforward, I
shall love him, as long as a heart beats in this bo-
som.—(*Breaking out into tears.*)

Gov. But tell me, my dearest young lady, in
what is it that you desire my assistance.

Bia. Convey this letter to his hand—I deny not
that it contains an invitation. But oh! I will, I
must see him, or the ardent love——

Gov. Were it to take place in my presence, I
might perhaps consent.

Bia. Oh! that it may—only put this letter into
his hands. [*Exit weeping.*]

Gov. (*Alone, looking after her*) Poor girl, thy
flame is powerful. If I could extinguish it, I
should be more than a God. Every one of her
tears falls like a drop of blood upon my heart. I
must however hesitate about granting her request.
It is well I got this letter into my hand: it shall
not so quickly reach those of *Salviati*.

After an interval of eight days,

SCENE IX.

Bia. (*Pale as death, before a mirror*) No more
strength in my bones. Not a drop of blood upon
my

my cheek. All my marrow is dried up, all the bloom of my youth is faded! Eternal God, thy hand lies heavy on me. But I thank thee, for leaving me this consolation, that I suffer for weakness, and not for guilt. Oh, *Salviati*? where art thou? and what are at present thy feelings? Come hither, and see. It is not what thou saidst to me: it is no longer thy life: it is mine which is endangered by this passion.

Gov. (Enters) My God, my dear young Lady, how you look; take courage, your letter is just now delivered.

Bia. (Coldly) As surely, I make no doubt, as when you told me so seven days ago.

Gov. No, by the Holy Virgin it is. I gave it into his own hand—He gazed at me wildly, kissed the seal, and then broke it open.—I could see no more; for I hurried away.

Bia. There your haste was very unseasonable; in the matter itself, you was slow enough.

Gov. Bianca, is this my reward.

Bia. Forgive me—my senses are still bewildered. They were shrouded in night, and the morning was slow of dawning upon them.—But is your intelligence certain?

Gov. Have I not sworn, and was I ever perjured? My dear young lady knows if I was. How hard-hearted

hearted indeed were I, not to pity this love-sick girl? Revive, *Bianca*, and bloom again, not for us only, but for your own *Salviati*—you shall see him—early to-morrow, shall you see him.

Bia. But perhaps to-morrow, this heart may have ceased to beat. Oh! my best friend! how changeable are the wishes of mortals? But a few minutes ago, I was persuaded that this day was the last of my life; and I wished fervently that I might not be wrong. Now again, how with every new minute does the love of life revive my soul? To-morrow then—not till to-morrow! (*After a short pause.*) Oh! Signora, what dress would you advise me to wear?

Gov. A whimsical question! there is time enough surely to think of that: you never used to know it, two hours before.

Bia. I believe so truly. But on to-morrow, I shall be so lost in joyful expectation, that I shall not be able to think at all. And yet, I would wish to make a proper choice: *Salviati* is surely worthy of all the preparation one can make; he deserves to have every ornament sought out, that has any chance to fetter his affection. [Exit.

BIANCA'S

BIANCA'S *Letter to* BONAVENTURI.

Amiable Stranger,

The unexpected novelty of the incident, astonishment at the subject of your petition, and a secret struggle between modesty and passion, occasioned the sentence which you solicited from me, to be more than half pronounced. If you are serious in wishing to hear it fully, and to know the whole compass it includes, repair to-morrow, at three o'clock, to the back-door of our palace, and my Governess will conduct you safely to me.

BIANCA CAPELLO.

SCENE X.

BONAVENTURI, MARTELLI.

Bon. To ask yet, what I will do? Oh, that they were already over, these heavy hours, between which I have yet to live, before the clock strikes three!—That I could fly to her immediately on the wings of the wind!

Mart. And what will you say, if her sentence should prove as favourable, as you hope?

Bon. Say? how little can be said, when *Bianca* has her eye upon you! Heaven grant, that I may even be able to stammer,

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Mart.

Mart. Oh thou idle splitter of words: Call it either stammering or speech; but tell me what you intend to answer?

Bon. To swear that I love her with the most ardent passion; that I will love her so for eternal ages, every moment more strongly, every day more ardently.

Mart. But what is become of your former resolution, your firm purpose to see her no more?

Bon. Blown away, like the summer's dust.

Mart. And your oath?

Bon. Fool that I was, to take it; and you, ten times more so, to put me in mind of it! An oath against love! Did you ever hear that a torrent from the mountains was stopt in its course by a grain of sand?

SCENE XI.

BIANCA alone. (*The clock strikes three.*)

Ha, it is just now struck! Oh wished for minute— which I have expected with the anxiety of a woman in labour; which I have waited for with the joy of a bride. (*Walking impatiently up and down.*) How comes it that the eagle-pinions of time are changed now to the pace of a snail? Every moment appears to stagnate. Alter not so suddenly, system of the world, nor suffer the rapidity of thy youthful

youthful circuit, to degenerate into the creeping pace of old-age---(*Walking up and down with a still quicker step.*) Or if thy own strength is deficient, borrow something of my speed. Good God, two minutes already---two and a half---and now three---(*Peevishly*) Truly this master loves to be waited on, even before he becomes a bridegroom. Ha, the door opens---the step of a woman---may she be curs'd.---Rash girl, and for what reason? Must any one suffer, because thy impatience is greater than that of a hungry child. The door again! Oh, that is he, that is he---Softly, softly, my poor heart.---Hold out, panting breast.---This is he, this is he.

Bonaventuri enters, followed by the *Governess*. *Bianca* is about to run towards him with open arms, but recollects herself, and sinks down on a chair, and half holds out her hand to him, even before he speaks.

Bon. I come, fairest of all beauties, perhaps to receive from your lips the sentence of death, and then die at your feet. (*Kneels before her.*)

Bia. (*Stretching out her hand to him*) Oh! no, live, live for *Bianca*.

Bon. (*In speechless rapture, dwelling upon her hand for two minutes, then springing up*) Oh God, how can I sustain this ocean of the most unspeakable

joy! (*Throwing himself again upon his knees.*) Ever dear, may I then live?

Bia. (*Falling on his neck, and embracing him.*) Live, live, and for me——

Bon. Oh, that my happiness could find words! Oh, that my joy could find tears! To live for thee, crown of thy sex, divine *Bianca*!

Bia. Lie no longer at my feet, thou dear one—up to my arms, beloved of my soul. You found, already so easily and so surely the way to my heart: feel how it glows for thee upon my lips; how it beats for thee in this bosom. Never yet have I been kissed by man. Thou art the first; and, I swear, shalt be the last. But you are silent, and hesitate to answer—Why gaze you thus upon me? Why do those eyes look so seriously, in which I expected nothing but rapture?

Bon. Thus gazes the wretch around him, who already thought himself swallowed up by the waves, and now beholds himself safe on shore, but sees, wherever he turns his eyes, only wild and desert wastes. O *Bianca*, *Bianca*---It is, indeed, a happiness without measure, to live for you, the charmer of my soul; but this happiness is swallowed up by the tenfold misery of being conscious, that I dare not hope to live with you, that I cannot expect to be wholly your's.

Bia.

Bia. Fanciful dreamer ! why are you thus studious to torment yourself with imaginary evils ? with me you shall live in inseparable union, hand in hand, and heart to heart.—There is my word, more sacred than a promise given in the days of chivalry ; either to be your wife, or the wife of no man. My resolution is taken, and yields in firmness only to death. If the parent that gave me life, wishes to preserve it, he must not, he will not oppose himself against it. And is not the family of *Salviati*, well worthy to be united to that of *Capello*.

Bon. (*Who had hitherto bent upon her hand, in silent rapture, at these last words, raising himself suddenly*) Ha ! how ? what do you say : the family of *Salviati* ?

Bia. Yes, indeed !

Bon. Righteous heaven ! a flash of lightning, that opens a dreadful abyss to my view ! What, *Bianca*, do you suppose to be the name of this daring wretch that stands before you ?

Bia. (*In astonishment*) What ! are you not *Salviati* ? (*Bonaventuri sinks speechless upon a seat, and hides his face : Bianca and the Governess run up to him alarmed.*)

Bia. Great God ! what is this ? Speak to me, O beloved of my soul—*Bianca* intreats you, and

will you not hear her? Not yet—Will you not speak? Look up once more, and speak.

Gov. Dearest young gentleman! what can this mean? Recover yourself—Who are you, if you are not *Salviati*?

Bonaventuri. (*Rising suddenly, and assuming a tone of resolution*) No, no, adorable *Bianca*, no longer shall your error continue—It was indeed favourable to me, and has perhaps been the source of all the transport I have hitherto enjoyed—but let it vanish, since to preserve it, deceit and dissimulation would be necessary. (*Throwing himself at her feet*) He that now kneels before you, is not *Salviati*, but only a poor young man in his employment. If he has been criminal in raising his wishes to an object so infinitely exalted above him, punish his offences without delay; and were it even the punishment of death, he will promise to bear it without a murmur.

Bia. What do I hear! You are not *Salviati*! Rash youth, what is thy name?

Bon. *Bonaventuri of Florence.* Oh, I know too well, that even the most illustrious mortal blood is not sufficiently noble to aspire to an union with you; but alas! birth, and the external gifts of fortune depend not upon our own choice. My whole nobility

nobility is hereditary honour; my whole treasure is this heart, which beats for you alone.

Bia. My God! what a mistake! My hopes are vanished---all gone for ever!

Bon. Oh, that a profusion of love, and a simple, honest, and tender heart, could give me pretensions to your hand, then would there be no man in the whole wide creation of God, who could produce a fairer title than myself---no king who durst dispute my claim. Then might the poor *Bonaventuri*, though now he stands rejected and despised, be deemed your worthiest, your noblest husband. Now, for the first time in my life, do I wish myself descended from a royal race, and would purchase splendor and riches with my blood, to have the pleasure of laying them at your feet. How! not one consolatory glance---not one encouraging word. Here I lie---Divine *Bianca*, turn hither your enlivening eye---Dearest of women, O forgive me! Why should I suffer a penance so severe, for an error, which was not my fault; and which I removed, as soon as I perceived it?

Bianca. (*Who seems not to have heard his last words, with her eyes raised to heaven*) To thee must all flesh come; O thou who art strong among the children of weakness, send down thy strength from above---mine is long since melted away---*Bonaventuri*---

Bon.

Bon. (Interrupting her). Ha, I know it—this prayer for strength is preparatory to the sentence of my death: but, by that Being to whom you prayed, I intreat you once more to consider, who it is you are about to condemn. It is a man, that, in the whole range of creation, has nothing he sets a value on, but you; to whom it were the highest of all pleasures to shed his blood in your defence; whom yourself once encouraged to hope, and whose lips yet glow with your kisses. O God, that I should have so many millions of feelings, and scarce one syllable of sufficient force to express them. This only let me say; If it must be death, inflict it yourself. The quicker it is, I shall thank you the more. Only suffer not my wretched being to languish away in eternal torture.

Bia. O *Bonaventuri*, (*pointing to her heart*) is not this sufficiently mangled already? and will you go on to tear it farther?

Bon. O God, can I——

Bia. Be still, and hear me. It is enough, amiable young man, once to have loved you, to love you always. My heart is, besides, too much a friend to justice, to suffer the inequality of our rank and fortune, to make an alteration in my sentiments of him, whom I would have loved even in the dress of a beggar. Yet must I never flatter myself

myself that an ambitious father will bend to my inclinations. Here then, *Bonaventuri*—with the deepest affliction I speak it—here we must part.—I saw you here for the first, and for the last time—nor will I ever speak with you again—Your visits would but make my virtue suspected—It alone is dearer to me than you—Life is far inferior to both—Go, go, poor youth; and if it will afford you any consolation, comfort yourself with the certainty of this; *Bianca* will never be the wife of another, though, alas! she cannot be your's. (*About to break away.*)

Bon. (*In the tone of despair*) *Bianca!*

Bia. (*Coming back*) It is true—this yet belongs to you. (*Kisses him thrice, and runs off.*)

Bon. (*Pursues her to the door, at which she went out; but finds it bolted.*) O God, what have I, that am but dust, committed? Why this supernatural measure of affliction poured out on a mortal head?

[*Exit.*

Gov. Truly I pity him; but as he is not *Salviati*, who can help it? [*Exit.*



I must here break off, although what is printed at this time contains little more than the introductory

tory scenes. If it should please, the continuation will appear in a subsequent volume. Should it be otherwise, it may be as well, that I have not inserted more of it at present.



THE
HISTORY
OF
LAMBERG.



THE HISTORY OF LAMBERG.

INTRODUCTION.

AT the foot of one of the German mountains, stands a famous school, in such a situation as it seems to have been carried thither by enchantment. People to the age of thirty and upwards, may there study to great advantage; and even young people of the common phlegmatic temperament, may carry away with them, such a stock of knowledge, as will qualify them for filling, at a proper season, any department of ordinary life to the satisfaction of their families and the honour of the school. For youths, however, of great sensibility, between the age of fifteen and twenty, the situation is not quite so eligible: to such minds, the solitude of the place, the air, the mountains, the woods, and the water, may not unfrequently become dangerous. Let him, whose blood has grown thick in a flat, marshy country, repair thither, and recover his spirits by
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the influence of enthusiasm for the beauties of nature.

In this very place, about twenty years ago, ten or twelve young people met together ; who, though widely different in talents, country knowledge, and education, were united inseparably by the bonds of enthusiasm. Some had brought with them a passion for poetry ; a taste which they quickly communicated to more, and which served to unite them more closely to one another.

The whole party met again at the academy ; where, those who were unfit to be of their society, kept apart from them ; but where other good people joined it—A proper tone of mind, honourable principles, a quick perception of what was good, an equal degree of sensibility, however various might be their modes of expressing it, and a tolerably equal cultivation of their natural faculties : these circumstances here combined to unite men, who would not otherwise have been easily brought together : enthusiasts and stoics, libertines and devotees, active spirits, and lovers of quiet. Their meetings were by no means assemblies of *beau esprit* (among whom I have known some of very slender capacities) who read over their productions aloud, praise each other formally to their faces, and think to themselves, at the same time, “ how poor

poor this, in comparison of mine." There were, indeed, among them, a couple of *beaux esprits*; but they never imagined that the turn of their minds was more valuable than that of the rest, even of those who were attached to the most abstruse of the sciences. The term sensibility was then unknown to them; but it was natural that such men should possess feeling to a high degree, without turning their hearts into tinder boxes. Formal pedantry was their abhorrence: for they felt how very silly a child looks in his grandfather's night-cap. Their connection was entirely grounded upon the animal necessity of being together; the cause of which was not known to them all; not even to those who were eldest among them; but which, however, operated so powerfully, that not one of them could exist with comfort, in a place apart from the rest of his brethren; and thus, as it always must happen with young people, inspired them at last with a corporation spirit. This carried them often to the brink of intolerance, and rendered them so fastidious in their connection with, and opinion of, other men, that on this very account, they failed in the sequel, in one of the great ends of their union. As they felt themselves, (even exclusive of self-conceit,) in many respects better than others; they concluded, that if their particular endowments,

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and their separate proportions of intelligence, and affection, were thrown by friendship into one common stock, much greater things might be performed by a proper employment of that stock, than would otherwise be possible for human abilities. They now formed plans, and draughts of castles; very fair and spacious castles, which were all destroyed, before the foundation was ready to support them; some by lightning; some for want of workmen; some by stormy weather; some by the use of improper materials, which disappointed the hopes of the artificers, and others from the nature of the ground itself, which was too marshy, and too treacherous to suffer a good building to stand upon it. The work indeed was never relinquished, on account of the ground-rent being heightened: nor was it broken off from a confusion of tongues; for those workmen that still survive, understand one another to this day; even those whom the length and severity of their labour has rendered incapable of common conversation, can still make themselves understood to the rest, even to the smallest particle of speech. It was on one of the sweetest evenings of their intercourse, that they bound themselves, in every circumstance of life, to preserve their attachment for the hue of hope; and from
that

that period they went among themselves, by the name of the *Brethren of the Green Alliance*.

Some of these fragments I have collected: not with the intention of employing them in building; for nothing could be made of them in that way; besides my little trowel has been long locked up; and, whenever I see it, I am uncertain whether I should not throw it into the *Danube*. My design was to show the unexperienced, by what slight, but unavoidable accidents, the best plans may be brought to nothing, and that we ought not to form any which extend beyond the limits our situation has prescribed to us—to confirm the maxim, that every one is the artificer of his own fortune; and not as the writers of romances would persuade us, that destiny sometimes interposes her influence to exalt a pair of personages to distinction, whom she wishes to exhibit in high characters—to make young preceptors more and more attentive, to the proper time, and proper method of giving the vivacity and sensibility of their pupils, such a direction as may turn to their advantage: To these reasons I might add others, which for the present I shall pass over.

I begin with *Lambeng*, whom I brought up from a boy, whom I always considered and loved as my own, and in the recollection of whom I still delight.

He was educated in the great world, and had there imbibed, in the most ample measure, the few good qualities which that world can bestow : but his innate rectitude and modesty of character, could not have been blown out of his head, not by the trumpets of the whole earth. When he was praised, or detected in a good action, he could blush up to the eyes ; and even *Lehr* once told him : “ He who looks at you and has penetrating eyes, must take you either for an angel or an ass.” From his youth upwards, he had seen many interesting scenes of all kinds ; perhaps because he was somewhat anxious to seek them out ; he had early been instructed in the art of suffering ; and thence it was that he had probably acquired that softness and gentleness in his whole behaviour ; which might have been called unction, if wisdom accorded with that appellation. He was not one of those people, who, as soon as they enter a company, at once annihilate by their own superiority, every person who happens to be there ; but in the course of a very few days, are obliged to give up their rank to those they had displaced. It was only after twenty four hours, that one began to be sensible of his merits ; (the external advantages of person excepted) but then he kept his station for ever, and I have never observed in any place, that people seemed to be weary of his

his

his company. Sometimes you might perceive upon his countenance, all the victories he had gained over himself; all his sacrifices and self-denials, without one furrow of repentance or regret. His cast features belied none of the qualities of his mind. Portraits were at that time in the possession only of private families: and people did not hang up, as now, every where in effigy; yet, of him I have a striking likeness, which, if his history reaches a second edition, I have some thoughts of giving to the public, as a consolation to his surviving brethren, and a lesson of anatomy to my female readers.

That the letters are genuine, will, I hope, be easily perceived. Had they been fabricated at the present time, the writer would not have been able to avoid the frequent use of those fashionable phrases, (such as *feeling*, *honest*, *warm*, and the like), which give so high a value to many modern productions. The brethren once had an intention of preserving their letters in a common repository, under the title of the Annals of Friendship; and they are therefore written with greater correctness, than letters not originally designed for the press. I have, however, found it proper to omit many things, to take some liberties in the way of alteration, enlargement, transposition, and connection; and to strike out many of the Latin, English, and
Greek

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Greek quotations, to give the whole a more equal and uniform appearance. With regard to parity of language, we have always reckoned it a principal point; and I think it is blameable to publish a book, that cannot be useful, at least in that view, since the moral effect of it is so very uncertain.

LETTER II

LAMBERG to FABER.

Paris.

Three of your letters are yet unanswered. Since *Lewis* has been here, I have lost all inclination to write: but he threatens to-day, that he will not ride out with me to our favourite grove, till I have written to you; which I now sit down very willingly to do. The company of one of you was absolutely necessary; as otherwise, I should have been eaten up with the spleen. Your first letter rather increased it, in which you blame me for parting from the Count. You did not use to be one of those people, that oppress one when it is too late, with arguing against any proceeding, which must of necessity have secured already, and been found of no weight by the person himself; and yet you
have

have employed, on the present occasion, two or three, which I would not answer, if I did not imagine to myself, what an affectionate and anxious countenance you must have worn, when you wrote them down. This alone makes me uneasy; for as to the matter itself, I can assure you, it has never cost me a moments regret, and I may venture to say, never will. Could I have put up with the fellow any longer, you may be sure that I would not so easily have resigned the favourite hope I had fondly entertained: the hope of beholding a rational creature, whose mental accomplishments, and whose moral principles, I could look upon as the work of my own hands. I know that the whole of ye always entertained a good opinion of the young man. I did not then dare to contradict you: nor even yet can I venture to say, that there is any thing in his conduct morally wrong; and yet I could never be heartily attached to him; but for what reason, I know not myself. He was by far too serious for his age, appeared to have no favourite object of pursuit, and abandoned his projects upon the slightest remonstrance. I think, I have observed, that from such youths, propriety of conduct is all that can be looked for; but seldom any thing that is great or noble. So long as our honest *Ekheim* travelled along with us, all went

on

on very well. My encomiums on openness of character and behaviour, my censures of foppery, and the silly affectation of foreign principles, customs, and opinions, had the best effect, so long as they were supported by the powerful influence of *Ekheim's* example, for whom the Count had a great esteem, as being nearly his equal in rank and fortune, and as being treated in all the German Courts, that we visited, with very particular marks of distinction.

At *Geneva*, however, he fell in with an *Englishman*, by whose acquaintance he was totally ruined, and who made him so very great a politician, that I sometimes suspected, he had turned his brain. For whole evenings, without intermission, did these fools sit together, and decide, but I know not on what grounds, on the interests of nations, and the balance of power. You know, that politics, and such kind of studies, are by no means my forte : * I therefore lent a patient ear to them at first ; till I observed that the *Englishman's* deficiency did not lie in information, but in common sense. My objections were of no avail ; for it frequently happened, that he knew the very thing of which I was ignorant, and then I was put
to

* Honest *Lamberg* ! none of those I am at present obliged to live with, has thy modesty. And what wert thou ?

to the blush.* From that time, the Count fed upon the idea, of altering at some future period, and that from the foundation, the finances, economy, and style of living, in his native country ; or at least, of making the world believe, that he was a proper person for the task. Now, thoughts and maxims made their appearance, which he had picked up in his reading, from a thousand quarters, and of which scarcely any thing was his own : religion, virtue, policy, philosophy, observance, manliness, and effeminacy ; all these mingled together, formed a terrible medley ; with which he varnished, over not only his countenance, but his head and his heart ; and which made him always the more disgusting to me, as I saw myself obliged to relinquish the hope, of his ever laying any of it aside. When we got to *Paris*, it was still worse. The desire of appearing a great man, so compleatly swallowed up every other passion ; that he did not

* He was not acquainted with the art of turning the conversation on the subjects he knew. Often has he stood in a company beside me, full charged with information on the matter in dispute ; a word from him would have decided the question ; I nodded to him, and pushed him : but he was still silent. Nor was this from slowness ; for he thought rapidly, and expressed himself with elegance ; but because he concluded that those gentlemen, who spoke so much about a subject, would surely hit upon all that he knew of it.

not once discover any symptoms of love. Wherever the minister of finance was to be seen, there did my Count push in behind him. He dragged his countrymen along through the anti-chamber, and recommended them, where nobody cared for his recommendation; took them with him to the public buildings, and prated away about things of which he had scarce any knowledge, because they happened to have still less. I saw him once setting out, and he sat in his carriage with such an air of importance, as if he had been going to recommend the whole of *Paris* to the Minister of Police. But it would be endless to repeat all the foolish things which he did, and all the proper things which he omitted. At last I persuaded him to continue his travels, and got quit of him, under the pretence of not being able to run about any longer. He offered me a salary, which I refused; for he is a little infected with the sin of parsimony. He now plays a great part in his native land, and my management is there extolled to the skies. The old Count lately sent me about twenty thousand dollars, of which I accepted, because I knew I had faithfully earned them, and because they came just then very seasonably.

My situation since has been very agreeable. I have frequently had two or three places in my choice,

choice, yet I have still remained free. I have been much better pleased with *Paris* this time, than I was the last, in which I came to it with this thought in my head: *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio* *. I have got acquainted with many honest people, and where nature produces such wines as in *France*, how can she fail in the production of men? Cities and nations must be viewed and examined more than once, at different periods of life, and in different circumstances, before one should venture to pass judgment upon them. I must indeed work hard, but that does me good. My head and heart in the mean time can do nothing worse. In truth, *Faber*, life is enjoyed only by him, who must steal every moment of relaxation from unfinished business. To sit down quietly, and ruminate on past transactions, is the most pitiable life that I know; so long, at least, as the bodily faculties urge, or permit us to do better. You ask, in what my labours properly consist? In every thing, and they are more important, than you might perhaps suppose. I have been working for nearly a half year upon two deductions for the — *jsb* Ambassador, which have procured me a good deal both of money and influence; so that I beg you will let me know, what wishes our friend *Gadebaum* entertains

X

with

* What shall I do at Rome, who cannot lie?

with regard to his advancement, because I imagine I shall be able to serve him. The ambassador is a pleasant fellow, who in his younger days must have been a great sinner; and even yet calls to mind his frailties, without repentance, or rather with complacency. He is a willing spectator of the weakness of others, and even sometimes feels a satisfaction, in visiting the most fashionable bagnios. This easy temper, and his being born a courtier, has given him both in speech and manners, that affability and high polish, which make people of his kind so engaging, and procure them so much influence with all, who only meet them in company, and have nothing farther to do with them. To this he adds an excellent understanding and a good heart; such a good heart at least, as is commonly possessed by men of the world; no star, where the cardinal virtues stick out in sharp points, but a well rubbed, well filed, well polished globe. But I must say to his honour, that none of the points have been forcibly broken off, and that of each of them, there is still a little smooth knob to be seen. The occasion of our intimate acquaintance is somewhat comical. He frequently visits the house of Lady G. with whom I was a little in love. One evening, on leaving her assembly, I was obliged to press through the carriages in the court-yard, to come at my own, which

which was standing without, when an officer came up behind me, and very politely begged me to give up my pretensions to the lady, in favour of Prince G. ; as otherwise he was commissioned to fight me a little. To this I might have made a hundred smart answers ; but I was taken by surprise, and said nothing. Next morning I told the affair to Lady G. who found it necessary to repeat it to the ambassador, and he immediately offered me the protection of his house. Since this, we have lived in close intimacy, and his experience is of use to me on many occasions. I work for him, and he has the goodness, not to take to himself the credit of my labours, but presents them to the king and the cabinet with the greatest encomiums. They on the other hand are so well satisfied with them, as never once to have hinted their disapprobation at his having intrusted a person, who was not in office, with the management of such important affairs.

As for my love—*Lewis* can tell you about it, when ye meet. He has seen the lady, and found her more charming even than I did. Love here is such an easy matter—the way with one is the way with all. One may even venture to name the day and hour ; and yet, when the day and hour come, you will find them something very pretty. For yourself, and the fiery fellows your brethren, this

indeed would have nothing attractive; for here a love-storm is as harmless as a storm at the opera; but on this account one who is a lover here, is not the less able to mind his business; and is never reduced to the necessity of becoming a traitor to friendship or his country. This I know, that in *Germany* they played at foot-ball with my heart—but none of them shall make a fool of me again: My motto is now: *Sportive Love*.^{*} What we used to read in the Journals of the above-mentioned mighty passion among the *French*, does not look so formidable upon a nearer view. All is here imputed to love, which often might more properly be charged to the account of ambition, lewdness, or a passion for gaming. The *French*, in pronouncing *Je vous adore*, feel not a whit more, than what we felt, when we were obliged to repeat in the class, *Amo-te: I love thee*.

I could still write you about a thousand things, if I had but time; for I have inclination enough. I have collected a variety of observations upon the literati here, upon the court, and the military profession, if I had them only down upon paper. Next opportunity you shall have some of them.

But however favourably I may be inclined to judge

^{*} Poor fellow, thou art playing in the sunshine, regardless of the thunderstorm over thy head.

judge of *France* and its inhabitants; yet I long much for my native land. It is not merely a passion for home; that is over with me, since I paid it a visit, three years ago; it is the desire of being with you all, and of arriving at length at my final destination, which I here neither can nor wish to find.

Live in unity, my dear brethren; and believe me, when I assure you, that there is not upon earth any friendship similar to our's; and it would be sinful, if we did not enjoy it to the utmost. I shall remain true to the end. Here and elsewhere I have indeed tasted days of mirth, and nights of pleasure; but, what are they all, when put in competition with a few hours of a single evening, spent, as we were accustomed to spend them together, in reasoning over our coffee about time and eternity. Of those matters in which we must always remain children, children themselves speak at least in the most natural and interesting manner. And then our climbing over rocks, our weeping in the wood, our madness over a flask of wine—oh, buds and blossoms are much more beautiful than half-ripe fruit.

I have enough to tell you. Oh that I had you all but once more together, were it even in a garret, where half of us would be obliged to sit upon the table; and a mug of the poorest wine beside us, how I would make you both laugh and cry. There

are some curious passages in my history. I wager it would make *Kaniz* bite through several pipes.

Lewis salutes you and the rest. His vivacity has led him into some disagreeable scrapes, from which my ambassador has with difficulty cleared him. The police here must not be jested with; and the young officers know the snare, and are very ready to push a stranger into it. But you cannot imagine how happy I am with him. With all other men I had only prattled; but he was the first since I left you, with whom I was again able to converse.

Write me soon, but no more of the women; whom I have wholly forgotten, even to their names. If there has any thing appeared of consequence in natural history, let me know. After the effort, which this monstrous letter has cost me, you cannot take it amiss, if another does not follow so soon.

Live happily, and think often on me. I remain always the old man.

LETTER II.

LAMBERG to LOHR.

Paris.

YOUR letter has been here more than a week; but I am only this day returned from *Madrid*. The
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fix hundred dollars I indeed have, and they are at your service. But this, brother, and a couple of hundreds more, with good health, is my whole fortune, which I have earned with difficulty, and preserve with care. What I may gain in future, I must work for; and my ability to do that, may fail. You well know, that I stand alone without support; and my constitution is by no means one of the strongest. I must confess also, that I have occasion for the money: it is therefore your business to examine, whether your necessities are more urgent. If it can wholly relieve you from perplexity, and is the only method of saving you from disgrace, and ensuring the future happiness of your life; give me but a hint, and by my love and duty, it shall be with you by the first post. But if it would be nothing but a mere palliative, if you could not satisfy all demands with it, and wish only to spare yourself a slight humiliation, let me keep the money, because it is better that one of us should suffer, who has good prospects behind, than that we should both be totally ruined—Consider this—Six weeks from this date shall the money be untouched. Three words from you shall be sufficient.

Heaven help us all to dry land. *Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.* Think affectionately on me, thou faithful friend.

Postscript.

• *Postscript.* Better still—I write by this post to Mons. de F. ordinary commissary of marine in —, who will pay you the money, upon presenting your bill drawn on me, yet this order will only remain in force four weeks after the receipt; that I may know when I can dispose again of my money.

LETTER III.

LAMBERG to FABER:

Paris.

AS you are the person of all our fraternity, who have hitherto shown yourself the most faithful correspondent, you shall be first informed of my good fortune, and that I now hope very soon to be with you. Last night the ambassador showed me a letter in which the minister writes him, that the two places were vacant, to one of which I should be appointed immediately, and that he depended upon the ambassador's assurance that I would certainly accept it. This assurance he had indeed given, without consulting me: but, as he tells me, under such conditions, that they should not offer me any thing disagreeable. But he knows undoubtedly from other information, what it is. At all events, it is sure bread, upon which I can venture to take a wife, and have
the

the pleasure of hearing *German* spoken at my table. I could not have remained here four weeks longer : all are turned against me on account of a story, which I will briefly relate to you. Ten or twelve people of consequence in *France*, and as many, or rather more in *England*, have formed a copartnery for an extensive commercial project, as they term it : but which I cannot describe accurately, because I never half understood it. They intrusted me with the management of their correspondence to *England*. I was surpris'd at first, that they should promise me so large a salary for the conduct of a business, which a hundred others might have done better and cheaper ; I however clos'd with their proposals. Soon after they sent me to *London* with letters ; for which they recommended to me the greatest care ; but which, had they been merely letters of business as they pretended, might have been sent with equal propriety by post. In *London*, one of these people offered me money, if I would give my assurance to another of them, that a certain Mr V. was not in their partnership. I asked him with some warmth, how he could suppose I was a person to do such a thing. Can such a proposal, replied he, disgrace a man, who, for a sum of money, is known to reveal the secrets of the court that employs him ? As he perceiv'd I was highly and seriously affronted, he
asked.

asked me to come back in the afternoon; when, after many precautions and much preparation, he let me know that I was taken for the real secretary to the embassy, from whom they expected, by means of bribery, to obtain all the information they wanted; and a great many more shocking things. I saw too that he concealed a great deal: but he advised me without making any noise about the matter to get free from my engagement under some pretence; and not to let them know that I had any suspicions, because they were powerful enough to blast my character, and would then be under a necessity of prosecuting me. I saw already, in imagination, my name declared infamous, and myself a fugitive through the world. I immediately sent notice of it to my ambassador, and likewise told the affair to our resident in *London*, who gave me the very same advice; which I lost no time in following. On my return, I was congratulated very solemnly by the ambassador, upon my good fortune in escaping so imminent a danger. What it was he would not tell me; perhaps he did not very well know himself. An anonymous letter of warning which I soon after received, disgusted me entirely with my residence here: and just in this period of discontent, arrived the intelligence of my advancement. Thank heaven, whose assistance has been always near to
me,

me, whenever I had occasion for it. I wish I could only set off to-morrow.

You may write me once more. Send me a list of those places, where our friends reside. I mean to make a tour through *Germany*, and visit the brethren. Oh, how I thirst for *Rhenish* wine at the fountain-head: *Tunc libera pede pulsanda tellus*.

Farewel, my truest friend, till we meet. You have probably seen *Lewis*, who would give you a dismal picture of my state of mind, for he left me just at the worst time. But now all is right again with me. Send a short notice to all our friends, that they may be at home when I visit them. Adieu.

LETTER IV.

BLUYOT to LAMBERG.

(*Translated.*)

Paris.

FOR God's sake, Sir, will you then leave us? Three times have we called at your lodgings, but never were so lucky as to find you at home. We were told that you were busy preparing for your departure, and we know that your spirit is sufficiently exalted, to incline you to depart without bidding

bidding us farewell; but think not, Sir, that our's is so abject, as to allow you to leave us in this manner, without, either in word or writing, having the satisfaction to tell you, that we shall never forget the obligations we lie under to your generosity. Others are anxious to conceal their departure, that they may not be exposed to troublesome demands: you alone keep out of the way, to avoid the acknowledgments of those you have obliged, and the gratitude of those you have rendered happy. From our acknowledgments (conceal yourself as you will) we are however determined that you shall not escape, were we even to follow you to the borders of *France*. Be so good then as leave us a note of information, when you imagine you will be found at home, or rather when we may expect to see you. Take care and do not deceive us; we have not yet had any experience of it; but stifled gratitude may be dangerous.

LETTER V.

BLUYOT to LAMBERG.

Paris.

YOU do not then wish to see us, and that for reasons which you decline to mention. Of these reasons

reasons I can conjecture a part ; but hear me only, my dear Sir.

When chance conducted you to our miserable dwelling, and I confessed to you, that indigence which was no fault of my own ; you seemed to be struck with the appearance of my daughter. You looked at her frequently during my relation, and after it was ended, you stood up, and said, throwing upon her a penetrating glance ; Good people, I will help you, if I can. We took you then for some generous *Englishman*, who, according to the custom of his country, can throw away a sum of money, without caring where it lights. But when we saw that you continued your bounty, what could we think, but that a generous libertine had a mind to purchase the inclinations of our child. Both my wife and I were of this opinion, but without communicating it to one another. I trusted much in my daughter's virtue—my wife went farther (she is a woman, Sir) ; and seeing the necessity of your assistance being continued, gave her daughter instructions to amuse you. To any one in the world but yourself, Sir, I should blush to make such a confession. By those who knew us both in prosperity and adversity, our honour was never called in question ; and it was only because we never had met

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with

with your equal, that our character was sullied with this stain.

I soon saw that your goodness to us was not to be laid to the account of my daughter; even my wife gave up this idea; but, Sir, the evil was already done; my daughter had already given you her heart. How could we blame her on account of a passion, which even her mother had contributed to raise, and for which she could plead—but I dare not go farther; for I know that your modesty is equal to your merit, and that you would hear any thing rather than your own praise.

It would be ungrateful in me to be the means of disturbing the repose of a heart so sympathetic as your's; for I know, that after you had secured our felicity, you avoided us merely on this account. But, Sir, I am the father of an only daughter, whose personal attractions are her least recommendation; and feel, within myself, (for why should I be ashamed to speak with sincerity before my benefactor?) I feel that I am not altogether unworthy of being the father of a man like you. In consequence of your generous and well-timed assistance, my affairs are at present in such a situation, that I shall soon be able, with the blessing of providence, to secure a considerable fortune for my daughter. But your benefits must not render you unhappy.

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Act, therefore, my dear Sir, according to the dictates of your own inclination; and either come and take leave of us, or set out without seeing us, or writing a word—you will at any rate set out, accompanied by the prayers and wishes of three hearts, two of which, by their warmth and confidence, might have called down, in the patriarchal ages, blessings or curses upon a whole nation. Return, man of virtue, to your native country, and there enjoy that heaven upon earth, which your behaviour here has so justly deserved;—return, and tell there, that you once in your life met with grateful people; while I shall have the pleasure of telling here, that I once met with a generous man;—return, and live so happily, that we may be forgotten in the midst of your joy: only, if you should ever have occasion for services which no man can ask from another, let our existence occur to your remembrance. Return, return.——

In my deepest distress, Sir, I never wept; and yet this letter is wet with my tears.

My daughter would have charged me with a thousand commissions—Intreat him to come and see us but for once; beg him to write me but one letter—and such idle petitions as these—But you know what is best for us. Permit me only, my dear Sir, to give you the voluntary testimony of a

256 THE HISTORY OF LAMBERG.

father—a time may come, when it will perhaps be agreeable—that neither by look, word, or action, have you given my daughter reason to expect more from you than what you have performed. Should she fall a victim to her hopeless passion, and leave her parents without comfort; not a sigh of her's, not a tear of our's, could be charged to your account. Farewel, Sir, and may God bless you.

LETTER VI.

LAMBERG to FABER.

Paris.

CONCEIVE my happiness—I am almost intoxicated. I am appointed resident at the ——— *ifb* court —only five miles from you, my friend. I set out to-morrow; and mean to pass through *Alsace* and *Suabia*, to see *Ekkheim*, *Frederic*, *Fischer*, and the rest. If you have leisure, ride over, and look out a dwelling for me; but do not hire it. I leave *Paris* willingly, although I would gladly take one or two good people along with me. As soon as I reach ———, I will let you know.

If you know a proper person for a chamberlain, engage him for me, and let him wait me in ———. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

LAMBERG to FABER.

M——

I AM this very moment arrived, and send you an express immediately, to beg you, if possible, to repair to-morrow evening to N——, where I will come. I have many things, about which I must speak with you—I bring good liquor with me. If you could come along with me hither, the day after, and stay with me a week or so; I should be very happy.

Many thanks, by the bye, for your kind attention. But I have no occasion for household furniture; of which I found great store provided for me here, by a good friend in *Paris*, whom I once had an opportunity of serving.

I leave this to-morrow, noon. You will probably ride, and so we may arrive at the same time. I shall learn to-morrow, whether I shall have my first audience this week.

I am not in very good spirits—Perhaps the rapidity of my journey has hurt me—Your company will soon cure me.

Come then, to-morrow, and embrace cordially your *Lamberg*.

LETTER VIII.

FABER to LAMBERG.

WHAT, in all the world, are you doing? Have you got lazy, or proud, or have you fallen in love? In three weeks, not a single line! To four letters, which required answers, no reply! You told *Korner*, you would answer next day. You have been three times denied to my baron. What is the matter? I tell you, *Lamberg*, if I have no letter from you, this Friday morning, before evening; I will be in your house. I must speak with you once more, before my departure for *Saxony*.

LETTER IX.

LAMBERG to FABER.

M——.

I WAS hindered from writing, by a multiplicity of affairs, which crowded upon me, one after another; for my present employment seems calculated only for an ignorant rascal. *Bartels* got the memorial from me, night before last. The manuscript is inclosed; but indeed, brother, I have not
yet

yet had leisure to read it. It will, however, do very well. I have taken care of the *Stutgard* business, and you will perhaps hear more of it before your departure. If you came to me at present, you would have little pleasure in being with me, I am so full of business and avocations. Come, however, before you set out.

Have patience with me—You know, the seasons in which I neglect my friends, never last long with me.

LETTER X.

FABER to LAMBERG.

Saxony.

I see that one must write to you frequently, before they can expect to know any thing of your motions. I know you will stare at the contents of this letter, but I must and will write to you all that I think. Certain affairs are at present in agitation, about which you will neither speak nor write; but we luckily know that you are somewhat sickle. It is high time that your friends should interpose, and deliver you from the troublesome burden of reserve. Your whole behaviour when I was last with you; the uncommon uneasiness and perplexity of your looks;

looks; your want of appetite, and silence in conversation; your evening excursions, nobody knew whither; the secrecy observed by your *French* servant; your strangeness of behaviour and reserve even to me; and especially, that evening you supped with the major, your not taking me along, but allowing me to accept of *B.*'s invitation;—all these, and other dangerous symptoms, were sufficient to persuade me, that something was the matter. But farther—I was last night at a brilliant supper, which was given in honour of captain *St—*, who is lately returned from your place. Among several other pieces of news, he mentioned the arrival of a new — *i/b* resident, a very genteel man, and a scholar. I gave my baron the wink, not to betray our intimacy, and pretending to know you but very slightly, took occasion to question the captain farther. He told me that you seemed to be a person of taste, and was a very good judge both of music and painting; that you had a pair of handsome horses, and was a good horseman; that your house was furnished with great elegance, but that you was neither attached to the court, nor the literati, nor yet to the female circles; that there was, however, a certain young lady, with whom you appeared to be much taken, as your attentions in that quarter had been very particular. He added, that your residence

dence there was not likely to be very brilliant, as you had not yet given one public entertainment. I naturally enquired, if I knew the girl? He named her, and told me, with all the discretion of a practised cavalier, that he knew nothing against her; that she was reckoned handsome; had a good fortune; was above twenty; and that several matches had been mentioned for her, which had been afterwards broken off. More he either could not or would not say.

And now it would undoubtedly be folly in me, at this distance, and before I know whether the matter be really serious, to think of giving advice to you, who are ten times better acquainted with the sex than myself. This, however, I must say; a girl above twenty, in such circumstances, and yet unmarried—I fear there must be a flaw somewhere.

You see I know something of the affair already; and it will therefore be the easier for you to confess. Write me then directly, and very circumstantially, not how the matter came about, (for that I can conjecture tolerably well; and reserve the particulars till some evening that we are together); but in what situation it stands at present; and then I shall know what I am about, and what advice it will be proper to give you.

Write me soon, and at great length. I must stay here another fortnight,

LETTER

LETTER XI.

LAMBERG to AMELIA.

I HAD last night the misfortune to break your fan ; and as you will undoubtedly have occasion for another, in the place where we are to meet to-day, and where I promise myself so much pleasure, be pleased to accept of the one I have sent you. It is indeed somewhat dearer than your own ; but he ought not surely to escape unpunished, who gives a moment's uneasiness to an amiable woman.

LETTER XII.

AMELIA to LAMBERG.

A PUNISHMENT, which we chuse for ourselves, is nothing. I shall endeavour to find out for you, one that will make a deeper impression.

I am sorry that, on account of a slight indisposition, I cannot be of the party to-day ; my father, however, will have the honour of seeing you.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

LAMBERG to AMELIA.

THIS, my dear Madam, is too bad. I thought I had to do with a reasonable woman ; but you treat me with all the severity of a tyrant, nay with the unforgiving resentment of a *Juno*—Not to accept what is justly due to you, and, besides, to punish your poor debtor, by depriving him of the happiness of a whole day—I fly to appease you.

LETTER XIV.

AMELIA to LAMBERG.

I AM sorry that I cannot receive your visit, as I am at present confined to bed. I wish you much entertainment to-day.

LETTER XV.

LAMBERG to FABER.

GIVE yourself no trouble. I know not myself, whether I am in love. It is no custom of mine,
you

you know, to trifle with unmarried women; and as for being serious, I have scarcely thought of it. I mean indeed to marry, and that soon; but whether the lady you mention will be the person, old father Time can alone determine. Every body praises her; but I suspect the encomiums of match-makers, and will examine her with my own eyes. She has good sense, wit, and sensibility, and just as much of the acid in her temper, as is necessary to give a variety to life. Had it not been that her behaviour to me is at times mingled with a dash of coquetry, I might perhaps have been actually enamoured, and before this have declared my passion. To retreat, in proportion as a lover advances, is an artifice, which can be useful only till it be discovered; but so soon as a woman is caught in it, we think we have a right to treat her as a detected spy. Fortunately for me, I can still do so; and when she is sometimes so cruel, as to stay away from a company, where she knows I am anxiously expecting her presence, that she may enjoy the idea of my amorous uneasiness; on these occasions, I take care to revenge myself, by behaving in a manner so remarkably chearfully, as seldom fails of being reported to her; and the good creature is so obliging as to show me her vexation at our next meeting,

and

and hint that she would have expected a very different behaviour.

Dear *Faber*, you know that my whole life has been one chain of painful feelings. Remain thou faithful, for I am thine.

As you have now assumed the office of a confident, you must not expect to have the honour for nothing. I wish, in your return, you could find some pretence for visiting Miss *B.* of *E.* the daughter of colonel *B.* With her my *Amelia* keeps up a constant correspondence; and although women are even more affected in their intercourse with each other, than with us; yet who can tell, but something may be gathered in that quarter.

LETTER XVI.

FABER to LAMBERG.

IT was impossible for us to come round by *M—*, because we were already too late, and your commission detained us a day more at *E.* The girl is a goose, from whom nothing can be learnt, because she knows nothing. I have perused a couple of your goddess's letters, which, though they contained little or nothing, were written in a very masculine

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culine

culine stile. In one of them, there was mention of you, in such a way, as will make you very proud. After a description of three pages long, of a certain *Paliss* count, to the mighty conquest of whose heart, your *Amelia* invites her correspondent; she tells her with all possible frugality of language, that the new resident was still unmarried, but that he was suspected to be too much of a scholar. You must, quite contrary to your former custom, have put on there the airs of a pedant. The mother, who was beside, said: "I thought that *Emily* was engaged." The silly girl replied, that she knew nothing of the matter, and looked as if she was telling the truth. As a lover, you are now entitled to enter upon the necessary inquiries.

I would not by any means, my dear brother, press upon you my advice or opinion; I, who am so conscious of my own inferiority, both in point of penetration and experience: but with regard to the fair sex, you are weak, you are not yourself, however well you may manage, when your heart is at liberty. Of this we have already had some instances, and I scarcely think that *France* has improved you. For all our friends, I have often trembled, but never for you, but when you was in love. What a pity would it be, if your glorious career should be now interrupted by an act of folly. I wish not for
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the office of warning a swimmer, in what particular situation he is in danger; but this you must promise me: because I have a right to demand it; that you will not take any step of consequence, without letting me know of it beforehand. Good friends are often troublesome on such occasions; but I promise you, that I will never be. If matters do not turn out well, you will at least have somebody besides yourself to blame: and that somebody I will willingly be.

Young *Manheim* is the bearer of this letter. I hope you will like him—you will soon see that he is too accomplished for a mere transcriber; but he must submit to it for the present. Be thou his father; for he has neither father nor brother on earth. He is yet young; but his heart is full of the best dispositions. He will tell you his little melancholy story. I think, when he has got good cloaths, and new linens, he will be quite another man. Many a one has been improved in the same way. Attend to him, and mould him by degrees, to our purpose, that in due time he may become one of us.

You have herewith a large packet of letters. You will see from them, how the eyes of us all are fixed upon you. Lead us not astray. Write a word of consolation to poor *Henry*. He has not in the whole country a single friend, except the sun, moon,

and stars, with whom he can exchange a kind word.

As soon as I can, I will come over to you, whether it be agreeable or not.

(To be Continued.)



THE
GERMAN THEATRE
AT
VENICE.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

From MEISSNER, Vol. I.



THE
GERMAN THEATRE
AT
VENICE.

ALEXANDER, hereditary Prince of *W.* took it into his head, as many *German* Princes have done before him, to make the tour of *Italy*: whether with a view of scattering his patrimonial treasures, or of collecting a fresh stock of knowledge; I cannot well say. Suffice it, that he travelled; and the only circumstance which distinguished him from the greater part of his predecessors in that expedition, was the attendance of Chamberlain *E.* one of the best informed persons in all *Germany*.

It may be easily supposed, that, in such a tour, the city of *Venice* would not be neglected. A place of so much magnificence, and so singular in many respects, pleased the Prince so much, that he prolonged his stay in it far beyond the period he had
first

first appointed. His generosity and affability made him universally beloved; and he soon found himself in a social circle, composed of the most illustrious families, the cultivation of whose society was highly agreeable.

One thing only he felt unpleasant. Whenever he was invited to the houses of any of the first nobility, the entertainment was always concluded with a short *Italian* drama, the object of which was constantly to ridicule some one or other of the *German* customs. The Prince, who was conscious that he did not possess here the same authority as in his native country, put up with this, however reluctantly, in silence; and his example was followed by all his attendants, except only the Chamberlain above mentioned.

He, on the other hand, conscious of his own talents, and the superiority of his nation, assured his friends often that he meant to be revenged for this insult, and that nothing but his knowledge of the vindictive temper of the *Venetians*, had hitherto prevented him from putting in execution a project he had already conceived for that purpose.

The hour of their departure was now at hand; and the Prince, to show his gratitude for their hospitality, invited all his former entertainers, on the very day before he was to set out. They repaired

to

to him in great numbers ; the whole day was spent in conviviality ; the supper was already over ; and they were on the point of sitting down to the card tables, when the Chamberlain *E.* in the politest manner, thus began to address the company :

“ Ye have often delighted the eyes and ears of the Prince my master, by dramatic pieces, which, as they were *Italian*, could not but be good. It is indeed impossible for him, at present, to repay you with any thing of equal value ; but it would flatter him not a little, if ye would deign to attend for a few minutes to a *German* piece, prepared with as much care, as it was possible to do it here.”

Alh, even the Prince, were astonished. He indeed had some suspicion of what was to follow ; but attended, with no less curiosity, his Chamberlain, who conducted the company down to the outer court, in a corner of which they saw a kind of miserable booth made of planks nailed together, before which a number of seats were placed. The guests sat down with a scornful smile : the curtain drew up ; and the whispers increased ; for the stage exhibited a very narrow street, in which a few lamps scattered here and there, rather showed than illuminated the darkness of the night.

At length a *German* traveller appeared, simply dressed, but in good cloaths, with a belt buckled round

round him, in which he had stuck two pistols : he gazed round him upon every thing with a look of curiosity natural to a man in a strange place ; and that this was his case, was made still more evident by a short soliloquy.

“ He was come, he said, in the dead of night, here to *Siena*, and was uncertain whether he could find admittance any where. He was indeed fatigued with his long journey, and was very desirous of repose ; but this could scarcely be his lot at present. Well then, let the worst come : a small misfortune is easily born : especially by a *German*—for what is intolerable to that hardy nation ?

“ Ha, I am wrong—correcting himself—it is true : we can bear a great deal ; hunger and thirst ; heat and cold ; the dangers of war ; and the perils of travelling. There is one thing however which we cannot bear ; though it constitutes the enjoyments of many effeminate nations—a life without employment. Were this night to be never so long ; were sleep not once to close my eyes ; had I but employment, and I would willingly keep watch. But have I then none ? Here is a light ; and have I not a book ? The place is indeed not the most convenient, but what does that matter ?”

He immediately took a book from his pocket, stepped under the nearest lamp, and began to read.

Scarcely

Scarcely had he done so, when the attention of the spectators was called away to another figure, that came out of a cross lane. It was tall, and appeared to be dressed in white; moved onwards with an uniform pace; and observed the *German* attentively on every side, but carefully avoided being seen by him: at last, when it saw him deeply engaged in reading, it ventured as near to him as possible, peeped into the book over his shoulder, and testified in its looks, the greatest astonishment at what it saw there.

The *German*, on the other hand, soon discovered, that reading in the open air, in so sultry a night, and after so long a journey, was an employment, which rather added to his fatigue; his eyes became every moment heavier; and he put up the book again, with signs of discontent.

“Is it then so very late,” he broke out with some impatience, “that nobody here can be roused?” He then took out his repeating watch, and made it strike—twelve o’clock.

At each stroke, the astonishment of the creature that stood behind him, evidently increased; and its look expressed the most eager curiosity.

“Only twelve o’clock,” muttered the *German*: “that is surely not late, in a country, where they are accustomed to turn night into day.

Perhaps

Perhaps I may be still able to awaken some selfish or social being." He knocked at every door, but to no purpose.

"Well then," cried he, in an angry tone, "though knocking will not rouse ye, perhaps this will." Here he took out a pistol, and fired it off. The sound was augmented by the dead silence of the night; the poor creature in white started back, and the scream which he uttered, made the traveller turn about.

His first look showed, indeed, that such a figure as this, was no common appearance to him; but he soon recovered himself, beckoned to it to come nearer, and asked, who it was?

"Excuse me at present;" it answered, and approached. "You shall soon be satisfied: let it suffice that I will do you no harm."

"And who told you I was afraid," said the *German*, smiling—"Your outcry sufficiently marked your timidity; and I wager you are not very far from home."

"Rightly guessed, if you speak of the past; but all wrong, if you mean the present. But if you wish to converse with me farther, and to know who I am, you must first answer a few questions."

"Why not? Propose them."

"You

"You was just now reading a volume, full of the strangest crooked figures, that I ever beheld. It could not be writing."

"No indeed—Don't you know print?"

"Print! Print! the term is quite new to me: tell me only, in what does it differ from writing?"

"It differs in this, that a hundred and fifty men can scarcely write as much as a single one can print in the same time: that it is neater, more uniform and durable than writing; and yet can be had for less than a sixth part of the price."

"These are important advantages indeed," cried the interrogating figure; and applied the forefinger of his left hand with due deliberation to his nose. "An invention by which literature and the arts must have gained mightily in the facility of communication."

"To be sure."

"And the inventor of this useful improvement—for whom I feel the highest veneration—Who was he?"

"A countryman of mine—a *German*."

"You a *German*! He your countryman! Truly he does you honour; he must have been a wonderful genius. I would have given a good deal that he had been mine.—But my curiosity is not yet satisfied. You had another thing, which, to my a-

A a

stonishment

astonishment, told the hour exactly—What was that?

“What but a watch!”

“A watch! ay! in my time only sun-dials were known, and hour-glasses, filled either with water or sand: but in spite of their inconvenient size, and high price, they were still very variable and uncertain. I should think that an instrument like this so easily carried in the pocket and so infallible in its account of time, must be a wonderful assistance on a long journey, and be equally useful to travellers and merchants.”

“I am glad, that you can so readily conjecture the uses of things, which to my astonishment, are quite new to you. Who are you then? you mentioned lately “your time?” what time was that?”

“Stop, stop—Curiosity is unbecoming in a man. Rather tell me who invented this?”

“A German too.”

“What a noble nation! It deserves my praise. Who could ever have looked for this among these blue eyed Barbarians? But be it so. As I have once begun this investigation, I recollect my ancient maxim: never to turn back, when I was half way. Answer me therefore one question more, and I promise you, it shall be the last for the present. You had likewise a third thing, which imitated in
a small

a small compass the thunder and lightning; and God knows how, in spite of the great distance, immediately struck on yonder door. How call you that?"

"A Pistol."

"And what is its nature; and in what manner does it produce such powerful effects?"

The *German*, once brought into conversation, took out here the other Pistol, showed it to his inquisitive companion, fired it off, as he had done the first, explained its structure, the ingredients of which the gunpowder was composed, its power in every different proportion: and in short he gave as compleat an idea of it, as could possibly be done in a few words.

The astonishment of the enquirer rose here to the utmost.

"How useful," it exclaimed, "must this be in war! How serviceable in the taking of fortified cities! How quick and how decisive in battles! I beseech you, to tell me, who invented this?"

"Who, but a *German*?"

The ghost—for why should we conceal any longer that it was a ghost—here started back three steps.

"*German* again! Nothing but *German*! Whence in all the world have ye got all this knowledge? Know, that I who stand before you, was once,
without

without vanity let me speak it, the ghost of *Cicero*, the wisest man of his age, the father of his country, the conqueror of the *Parthians*, the most eloquent of mortals—But who did not know me? Allow me rather, even when a ghost, to preserve the same modesty that graced me when alive. But in my time, to speak with sincerity, your countrymen were one of the stupidest nations that ever the sun shone upon—rude and savage; ignorant of agriculture, or the management of cattle; entirely strangers to the arts and sciences; always either at war or at the chase, wrapt in the skins of wild beasts, and almost as untameable themselves. But to all appearance, things must now be much altered for the better. When I think of those who were then my fellow-citizens, and consider how far they were advanced before you; unparalleled both in peace and war—orators, poets, historians, lords of half the world, the first people under the sun—Surely by this time, they must have approached nearly to the perfection of the Deity. Oh that I could see them—yet a few minutes, and the arrival of the first hour after midnight obliges me to return to the lower world; from which I shall not perhaps be permitted to emerge for the next eighteen hundred years; and must content myself with wandering in extensive deserts, conversing with myself; because

because that churl *Minos* was of opinion, that I sometimes spoke too much when I was on earth."

The *German* here laughed—"As I am," said he, "are all my countrymen; or at least have it in their power to be. Are you pleased with us, in the shape we come to visit you?"

"Very much."

"And you would like to see how your countrymen, or at least the greater part of them, come to visit us?"

"It would gratify me highly."

"Well, wait a few moments—I understand something of magic—to please you, I will employ it."

He made a sign, and immediately two *Savoyards* appeared, one on each side of the street.

"Buy flax-combs, come buy"—"A pretty shadow-picture on the wall—who views? who views?"—were the words that resounded from both their mouths.

"See," continued the *German*, "see, *Cicero*, it is thus that thy descendants, the former governors of the world; the first of men; the nation, whose advances had been so great; it is thus, for the most part, that they come among us. How do you like them?"

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The ghost stood speechless: but just then the clock struck one; and he seemed, with reluctance, to disappear.—

But in still worse humour were the noble *Venetians*, when they arose, and took their leave with forced smiles; nor perhaps would they have been satisfied, without attempting somewhat in revenge, had not the Prince and his Chamberlain prevented them, by taking their departure the very next day.

F I N I S.









